Old English Drama

STUDENTS' FACSIMILE EDITION

The Roaring Girl

WRITTEN BY

T. Middleton & T. Dekker

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F6
1611a

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The Roaring Girle. Or Moll Cut-Purse.As
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The Roaring Girle.

OR

Moll Cut-Purse.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by *the Prince his Players.*

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1611.

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To the Comicke, Play-readers, Venery, *and Laughter.*

THE fashion of play-making, I can properly compare to nothing, so naturally, as the alteration in apparell: For in the time of the Great-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plaies, quilted with mighty words to leane purpose was onely then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inuentions beganne to set vp. Now in the time of sprucenes, our plaies followe the nicenes of our Garments, single plots, quaint conceits, letcherous iests, dresst vp in hanging sleeues, and thicke set for the Tailors, and the Tearmers: Such a kind of light-colour Summer stuffe, mingled with diuerse colours, you shall finde this published Comedy, good to keepe you in an afternoone from dice, at home in your chambers; and for venery you shall finde enough, for sixepence, but well coucht and you marke it. For *Venus* being a woman passes through the play in doublet and breeches, a braue disguise and a safe one, if the Statute vnty not her cod-peice point. The booke I make no question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person it selfe, and may bee allowed both Gallery roome at the play-house, and chamber-roome at your lodging: worse things I must needs confesse the world

ha's taxt her for, then has beene written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a Writer, to leaue things better then he finds 'em; though some obscœne fellow (that cares not what he writes against others, yet keepes a mysticall baudy-house himselfe, and entertaines drunkards, to make vse of their pockets, and vent his priuate bottle-ale at mid-night) though such a one would haue ript vp the most nasty vice, that euer hell belcht forth, and presented it to a modest Assembly; yet we rather wish in such discoueries, where reputation lies bleeding, a slackenesse of truth, then fulnesse of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Pro-

Prologus.

A Play (expected long) makes the Audience looke
For wonders:--- that each Scœne ſhould be a booke,
Compos'd to all perfection; each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him: vp he ſummes,
What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ;
If that he findes not here, he mewes at it.
Onely we intreate you thinke our Scœne.
Cannot ſpeake high (the ſubiect being but meane)
A Roaring Girle (whoſe notes till now neuer were)
Shall fill with laughter our vaſt Theater,
That's all which I dare promiſe: Tragick paſſion,
And ſuch graue ſtuffe, is this day out of faſhion.
I ſee attention ſets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with couetous liſtning waites,
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle ſhould be.
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is ſhee
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,
That beates the watch, and Conſtables controuls;
Another reares'th day time, ſweares, ſtabbes, giues braues,
Yet ſells her ſoule to the luſt of fooles and ſlaues.
Both theſe are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (beſides)
A ciuill Citty-Roaring Girle, whoſe pride,
Feaſting, and riding, ſhakes her husbands ſtate,
And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.
None of theſe Roaring Girles is ours: ſhee flies
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,
Yet what neede characters? when to giue a geſſe,
Is better then the perſon to expreſſe;
But would you know who 'tis? would you heare her name?
Shee is cal'd madde Moll; her life, our acts proclaime.

Dramatis

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Alexander Wentgrane*, and *Neatſ-foot* his man.
Sir *Adam Appleton*.
Sir *Dauy Dapper*.
Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*.
Lord *Noland*.
Yong *Wentgrane*.
Iacke Dapper, and *Gull* his page.
Goſhawke.
Greenewit.
Laxton.

Tilt-yard.
Openwork. } Ciues & Vxores.
Gallipot.

Mol the Roaring Girle.
Trapdoore.

Sir *Guy Fitz-allard*.
Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.

Curtilax a Sergiant, and
Hunger his Yeoman.

Miniſtri.

The Roaring Girle.

Act. I. Scœ. 1.

Enter Mary Fitz-Allard *disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and* Neatfoot *a seruingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.*

Neatfoote.

THe yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir *Alexanders* sonne, is it into his eares (sweet Damsell) (emblеme of fragility) you desire to haue a message transported, or to be transcendent.

Mary A priuate word or two Sir, nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructifie in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most white hand.

Mary Thankes sir.

Neat. And withall certifie him, that I haue culled out for him (now his belly is repleniſhed) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner —— hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastitie.

Mary One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

Neat. Falling bands, it ſhall ſo be giuen him, —— if you pleaſe to venture your modeſty in the hall, amongſt a curlepated company of rude ſeruingmen, and take ſuch as they can ſet before you, you ſhall be moſt ſeriouſly, and ingeniouſly welcome.

Mary I haue dyed indeed already ſir.

Neat. —— Or will you vouchſafe to kiſſe the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttry amongſt our waiting women.

Mary Not now in truth ſir.

Neat. Our yong Maiſter ſhall then haue a feeling of your being here preſently it ſhall ſo be giuen him. *Exit Neatfoote.*

Mary I humbly thanke you ſir, but that my boſome
Is full of bitter ſorrowes, I could ſmile,
To ſee this formall Ape play Antick tricks:
But in my breaſt a poyſoned arrow ſtickes,
And ſmiles cannot become me, Loue woūen ſleightly
(Such as thy falſe heart makes) weares out as lightly,
But loue being truely bred ith the ſoule (like mine)
Bleeds euen to death, at the leaſt wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the leſſe it ſlakes: Oh me!

Enter Sebaſtian Wengraue *with* Neatfoote.

Seb. A Sempſter ſpeake with me, ſaiſt thou.

Neat. Yes ſir, ſhe's there, *viua voce*, to deliuer her auricular confeſſion.

Seb. With me ſweet heart. What iſt?

Mary I haue brought home your bands ſir.

Seb. Bands: *Neatfoote.*

Neat. Sir.

Seb. Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon riſing.

Neat. Yes ſir, a moſt methodicall attendance ſhall be giuen.

Seb. And doſt heare, if my father call for me, ſay I am buſy with a Sempſter.

Neat. Yes ſir, hee ſhall know it that you are buſied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's eare good *Neat-foote,*

Neat.

Neat. It ſhall be ſo giuen him. *Exit Neat-foote.*

Seb. Bands, y'are miſtaken ſweete heart, I beſpake none, when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me ſee them.

Mary Yes ſir, a bond faſt ſealed, with ſolemne oathes, Subſcribed vnto (as I thought) with your ſoule: Deliuered as your deed in ſight of heauen, Is this bond canceld, haue you forgot me.

Seb. Ha! life of my life: Sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter, What has transform'd my loue to this ſtrange ſhape? Stay: make all ſure,—— ſo: now ſpeake and be briefe, Becauſe the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite, To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes Are bleſt by thine, yet this ſo ſtrange diſguiſe Holds me with feare and wonder.

Mary Mines a loathed ſight, Why from it are you baniſht elſe ſo long.

Seb. I muſt cut-ſhort my ſpeech, in broken language, Thus much ſweete *Moll*, I muſt thy company ſhun, I court another *Moll*, my thoughts muſt run, As a horſe runs, thats blind, round in a Mill, Out euery ſtep, yet keeping one path ſtill.

Mary Vmh: muſt you ſhun my company, in one knot Haue both our hands byt'h hands of heauen bene tyed, Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride: Our fathers did agree on the time when, And muſt another bed-fellow fill my roome.

Seb. Sweete maid, lets looſe no time, tis in heauens booke Set downe, that I muſt haue thee: an oath we tooke, To keep our vowes, but when the knight your father Was from mine parted, ſtormes began to ſit Vpon my couetous fathers brow: which fell From them on me, he reckond vp what gold This marriage would draw from him, at which he ſwore, To looſe ſo much bloud, could not grieue him more. He then diſwades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire, And askt what is ſhee, but a beggars heire? He ſcorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.

If ſuch a ſumme of mony could be found,
And I would match with that, hee'd not vndoe it,
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,
But vow'd, if I tooke thee, nay more, did ſweare it,
Saue birth from him I nothing ſhould inherit.
Mary What followes then, my ſhip-wracke.
Seb. Deareſt no:
Tho wildly in a laborinth I go,
My end is to meete thee: with a ſide winde
Muſt I now ſaile, elſe I no hauen can finde
But both muſt ſinke for euer. There's a wench
Cal'd *Mol*, mad *Mol*, or merry *Moll*, a creature
So ſtrange in quality, a whole citty takes
Note of her name and perſon, all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfet paſſion,
I ſpend to mad my father: he beleeues
I doate vpon this *Roaring Girle*, and grieues
As it becomes a father for a ſonne,
That could be ſo bewitcht: yet ile go on
This croked way, ſigh ſtill for her, faine dreames,
In which ile talke onely of her, theſe ſtreames
Shall, I hope, force my father to conſent
That heere I anchor rather then be rent
Vpon a rocke ſo dangerours, Art thou pleaſ'd,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt we are way-laid, that I take
A path thats ſafe, tho it be farre about,
Mary My prayers with heauen guide thee,
Seb. Then I will on,
My father is at hand, kiſſe and begon;
Howres ſhall be watcht for meetings; I muſt now
As men for feare, to a ſtrange Idoll bow.
Mary Farewell.
Seb. Ile guide thee forth, when next we meete,
A ſtory of *Moll* ſhall make our mirth more ſweet. *Exeunt*
Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir. Adam Appleton, Goſhake, Laxton, *and Gentlemen.*
Omnes Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our bounteous cheere.

Alex.

Alex. Fy, fy, in giuing thankes you pay to deare.
S. Dap. When bounty ſpreades the table, faith t'were ſinne,
(at going of) if thankes ſhould not ſtep in.
Alex. No more of thankes, no more, I mary Sir,
Th'inner roome was too cloſe, how do you like
This Parlour Gentlmen?
Omnes Oh paſſing well.
Adam What a ſweet breath the aire caſts heere, ſo coole,
Goſh. I like the proſpect beſt.
Lax. See how tis furniſht.
S. Dap. A very faire ſweete roome.
Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*,
The furniture that doth adorne this roome,
Coſt many a faire gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are moſt cheape, when th'are moſt deere,
Nay when you looke into my galleries,
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all ſhall ſweare
Yare highly pleaſd to ſee whats ſet downe there:
Stories of men and women (mixt together
Faire ones with foule, like ſun-ſhine in wet wether)
Within one ſquare a thouſand heads are laid
So cloſe, that all of heads, the roome ſeeemes made,
As many faces there (fil'd with blith lookes)
Shew like the promiſing titles of new bookes,
(Writ merily) the Reader's being their owne eyes,
Which ſeeme to moue and to giue plaudities,
And here and there (whilſt with obſequious eares,
Throng'd heapes do liſten) a cut purſe thruſts and leeres
With haukes eyes for his prey: I need not ſhew him,
By a hanging villanous looke, your ſelues may know him,
The face is drawne ſo rarely, Then ſir b:low,
The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,
And like a floating Iland, ſeemes to moue,
Vpon a ſea bound in with ſhores aboue, *Enter Sebaſtian and*
Omnes. Theſe ſights are excellent. *M.* Greene-wit.
Alex. I'le ſhew you all,
Since we are met, make our parting Comicall.

Seb. This gentleman(my friend) will take his leaue Sir.
Alex. Ha,take his leaue (*Sebaſtian*) who?
Seb. This gentleman.
Alex. Your loue ſir,has already giuen me ſome time,
And if you pleaſe to truſt my age with more,
It ſhall pay double intereſt: Good ſir ſtay.
Green. I haue beene too bold.
Alex. Not ſo ſir. A merry day
Mongſt friends being ſpent, is better then gold ſau'd.
Some wine,ſome wine. Where be theſe knaues I keepe.

Enter three or foure Seruingmen, and Neatfoote.

Neat. At your worſhipfull elbow, ſir.
Alex. You are kiſſing my maids,drinking,or faſt aſleep.
Neat. Your worſhip has giuen it vs right.
Alex. You yarlets ſtirre,
Chaires,ſtooles and cuſhions: pre'thee ſir *Dany Dapper*,
Make that chaire thine.
Sir Dap. Tis but an eaſie gift,
And yet I thanke you for it ſir,I'le take it.
Alex. A chaire for old ſir *Adam Appleton.*
Neat. A backe friend to your worſhip.
Adam. Mary good *Neatfoot*,
I thanke thee for it: backe friends ſometimes are good.
Alex. Pray make that ſtoole your pearch,good M. *Goſhawke.*
Goſh. I ſtoope to your lure ſir.
Alex. Sonne *Sebaſtian*,
Take Maiſter *Greenewit* to you.
Seb. Sit deere friend.
Alex. Nay maiſter *Laxton*——furniſh maiſter *Laxton*
With what he wants (a ſtone) a ſtoole I would ſay, a ſtoole.
Laxton. I had rather ſtand ſir. *Exeunt ſeruants.*
Alex. I know you had(good M. *Laxton.*) So,ſo——
Now heres a meſſe of friends,and (gentlemen)
Becauſe times glaſſe ſhall not be running long,
I'le quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir *Dap*. Good tales do well,
In theſe bad dayes, where vice does ſo excell.
Adam. Begin ſir *Alexander*.
Alex. Laſt day I met
An aged man vpon whoſe head was ſcor'd,
A debt of iuſt ſo many yeares as theſe,
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.
Omnes. His name I pray you ſir.
Alex. Nay you ſhall pardon me,
But when he ſaw me (with a ſigh that brake,
Or ſeem'd to breake his heart-ſtrings) thus he ſpake:
Oh my good knight, ſaies he, (and then his eies
Were richer euen by that which made them poore,
They had ſpent ſo many teares they had no more.)
Oh ſir (ſaies he) you know it, for you ha ſeene
Bleſſings to raine vpon mine houſe and me:
Fortune (who ſlaues men) was my ſlaue: her wheele
Hath ſpun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,
I nere had but one cauſe to curſe my ſtarres,
I ask't him then, what that one cauſe might be.
Omnes. So Sir.
Alex. He paus'd, and as we often ſee,
A ſea ſo much becalm'd, there can be found
No wrinckle on his brow, his waues being drownd
In their owne rage: but when th'imperious wind,
Vſe ſtrange inuiſible tyranny to ſhake
Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyſe:
The ſeas ſwelling with wrath to part that fray
Riſe vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they.
Euen ſo this good old man was by my queſtion
Stir'd vp to roughneſſe, you might ſee his gall
Flow euen in's eies: then grew he fantaſticall.
Sir *Dap*. Fantaſticall, ha, ha.
Alex. Yes, and talke odly.
Adam. Pray ſir proceed,
How did this old man end?
Alex. Mary ſir thus.

He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,
Yet then (though age caſt ſnow on all his haires)
He ioy'd becauſe (ſaies he) the God of gold
Has beene to me no niggard: that diſeaſe
(Of which all old men ſicken) Auarice
Neuer infected me.

Lax. He meanes not himſelfe i'me ſure.

Alex. For like a lamp,
Fed with continuall oyle, I ſpend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet haue ſtill
Enough to ſerue my ſelfe, oh but (quoth he)
Tho heauens dew fall; thus on this aged tree,
I haue a ſonne thats like a wedge doth cleaue,
My very heart roote,

S, Dap. Had he ſuch a ſonne,

Seb, Now I do ſmell a fox ſtrongly.

Alex. Lets ſee: no Maiſter *Greene-nit* is not yet
So mellow in yeares as he; but as like *Sebaſtian,*
Iuſt like my ſonne *Sebaſtian,* —— ſuch another.

Seb. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blowes to hit me, but if I beate you not at your owne weapon of ſubtilty.

Alex. This ſonne (ſaith he) that ſhould be
The columne and maine arch vnto my houſe,
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlewind
Shaking the firme foundation,

Adam Tis ſome prodigall.

Seba. Well ſhot old *Adam Bell.*

Alex. No citty monſter neither, no prodigall,
But ſparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiueleſſe)
An excellent husband, and ſuch a traueller,
He has more tongues in his head then ſome haue teeth,

S. Dap, I haue but two in myne

Goſh. So ſparing and ſo wary,
What then could vex his father ſo.

Alex. Oh a woman.

Seb. A fleſh fly, that can vex any man.

Alex. A ſcuruy woman,
On whom the paſſionate old man ſwore he doated:
A creature (ſaith he) nature hath brought forth
To mocke the ſex of woman. - - It is a thing
One knowes not how to name, her birth began
Ere ſhe was all made. Tis woman more then man,
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sunne giues her two ſhadowes to one ſhape,
Nay more, let this ſtrange thing, walke, ſtand or ſit,
No blazing ſtarre drawes more eyes after it.
S. *Dap.* A Monſter, tis ſome Monſter.
Alex. Shee's a varlet.
Seb. Now is my cue to briſtle.
Alex. A naughty packe.
Seb. Tis falſe.
Alex. Ha boy.
Seb. Tis falſe.
Alex. Whats falſe, I ſay ſhee's nought.
Seb. I ſay that tongue
That dares ſpeake ſo (but yours) ſtickes in the throate
Of a ranke villaine, ſet your ſelfe aſide. -----
Alex. So ſir what then.
Seb. Any here elſe had lyed.
I thinke I ſhall fit you —— aſide.
Alex. Lye.
Seb. Yes.
Sir *Dap.* Doth this concerne him.
Alex. Ah ſirra boy.
Is your bloud heated: boyles it: are you ſtung,
Ile pierce you deeper yet: oh my deere friends,
I am that wretched father, this that ſonne,
That ſees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.
Adam. Will you loue ſuch a poyſon.
S. *Dap.* Fye, fye.
Seb. Y'are all mad.
Alex. Th'art ſicke at heart, yet feeiſt it not: of all theſe,
What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his diſeaſe

Mortall, would ſhun the cure: oh Maiſter *Greenewit*,
Would you to ſuch an Idoll bow.

Greene. Not I ſir.

Alex. Heer's Maiſter *Laxton*, has he mind to a woman
As thou haſt.

Lax. No not I ſir.

Alex. Sir I know it.

Lax. There good parts are ſo rare, there bad ſo common,
I will haue nought to do with any woman.

Sir *Dap.* Tis well done Maiſter *Laxton*.

Alex. Oh thou cruell boy,
Thou wouldſt with luſt an old mans life deſtroy,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt I'me halfe way in my graue,
Thou ſhouelſt duſt vpon me: wod thou mighteſt haue
Thy wiſh, moſt wicked, moſt vnnaturall.

Dap. Why ſir, tis thought, ſir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter
Shall wed your ſonne *Sebaſtian*.

Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*.
I haue vpon my knees, wood this fond boy,
To take that vertuous maiden.

Seb. Harke you a word ſir.
You on your knees haue curſt that vertuous maiden,
And me for louing her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face: were not your knees
In ſuch intreates, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.

Alex. Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.

Seb. Well then you know
What diſh I meane to feed vpon.

Alex. Harke Gentlemen,
He ſweares to haue this cut-purſe drab, to ſpite my gall.

Omnes. Maiſter *Sebaſtian*.

Seb. I am deafe to you all.
Ime ſo bewitcht, ſo bound to my deſires,
Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out thoſe fires
That burne within me. *Exit Sebaſtian.*

Alex. Her bloud ſhall quench it then,
Looſe him not, oh diſwade him Gentlemen.

Sir *Dap.*

Sir *Dap.* He ſhall be weand I warrant you.

Alex. Before his eyes!

Lay downe his ſhame, my griefe, his miſeries.

Omnes. No more, no more, away. *Exeunt all but ſir*

Alex. I waſh a *Negro*, *Alexander.*

Looſing both paines and coſt: but take thy flight,
Ile be moſt neere thee, when Ime leaſt in ſight.
Wilde Bucke ile hunt thee breathleſſe, thou ſhalt run on,
But I will turne thee when Ime not thought vpon.

Enter Ralph Trapdore:

Now ſirra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and ſpeake.

Trap. A letter from my Captaine to your Worſhip.

Alex. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my ſeruice.

Trap. To be a ſhifter vnder your Worſhips noſe of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.

Alex. Troth honeſt fellow---- humh--ha--let me ſee,
This knaue ſhall be the axe to hew that downe
At which I ſtumble, has a face that promiſeth
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge proue fine make vſe of it.
Come hither ſirra, canſt thou be ſecret, ha.

Trap. As two crafty Atturneys plotting the vndoing of their clyents.

Alex. Didſt neuer, as thou haſt walkt about this towne
Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll.*

Trap. *Moll* cutpurſe ſir.

Alex. The ſame, doſt thou know her then,

Trap. As well as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day next, I will ſift all the tauerns ith citty, and drinke halfe pots with all the Watermen ath bankſide, but if you will ſir ile find her out.

Alex. That task is eaſy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.
Whats this, iſt burnt.

Trap. No ſir no, a little ſindgd with making fire workes.

Alex. Ther's mony, ſpend it, that being ſpent fetch more.

Trap. Oh ſir that all the poore ſouldiers in *England* had

ſuch a leader. For fetching no water Spaniell is like me.

Alex. This wench we ſpeake of, ſtraies ſo from her kind
Nature repents ſhe made her. Tis a Mermaid
Has told my ſonne to ſhipwracke.

Trap. Ile cut her combe for you.

Alex. Ile tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,
Caſt out a line hung full of ſiluer hookes
To catch her to thy company: deepe ſpendings
May draw her thats moſt chaſt to a mans boſome.

Trap. The gingling of Golden bels, and a good foole with a hobbyhorſe, wil draw all the whoores ith town to dance in a morris,

Alex. Or rather, for thats beſt, (they ſay ſometimes
Shee goes in brecches) follow her as her man.

Trap. And when her breeches are off, ſhee ſhall follow me.

Alex. Beate all thy braines to ſerue her.

Trap. Zounds ſir, as country wenches beate creame, till butter comes.

Alex. Play thou the ſuttle ſpider, weaue fine nets
To inſnare her very life.

Trap. Her life.

Alex. Yes ſucke
Her heart-bloud if thou canſt, twiſt thou but cords
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

Trap. Spoke like a Worſhipfull bencher.

Alex. Trace all her ſteps: at this ſhee-foxes den
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the ſheepeheard
To ſaue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Trap. This is the goll ſhall door.

Alex. Be firme and gaine me
Euer thine owne, This done I entertaine thee:
How is thy name.

Trap. My name ſir is *Raph Trapdore*, honeſt *Raph*.

Alex. *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous ſtep
For her to venture on, but vnto me.

Trap. As faſt as your ſole to your boote or ſhooe ſir.

Alex. Hence then, be little ſeene here as thou canſt.

Ile ſtill be at thine elbow.

Trap. The trapdores ſet.

Moll if you budge v'are gon: this me ſhall crowne,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe,

Alex. God a mercy, looſe no time. *Exeunt.*

The three ſhops open in a ranke: the firſt a Poticaries ſhop, the next a Fether ſhop: the third a Sempſters ſhop: Miſtreſſe Gallipot *in the firſt, Miſtreſſe* Tiltyard *in the next, Maiſter* Openworke *and his wife in the third, to them enters* Laxton, Goſhawke *and* Greenewit.

Mi. Open. Gentlemen what iſt you lacke. What iſt you buy, ſee fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine cambrickes, what iſt you lacke Gentlemen, what iſt you buy?

Lax. Yonders the ſhop.

Goſh. Is that ſhee. *Lax.* Peace.

Green. Shee that minces Tobacco.

Lax. I: ſhees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell you, tho it be her hard fortune now to ſhread Indian pot-hearbes.

Goſh. Oh ſir tis many a good womans fortune, when her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and ſet vp againe.

Lax. And indeed the rayſing of the woman is the lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one floriſh, tother will bud as faſt I warrant ye.

Goſh. Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better ith dark you may chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

Goſh. Go th'art a miſticall letcher.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure ſmoake.

Goſh. May take vp an ell of pure ſmock; away go, tis the cloſeſt ſtriker. Life I think he cõmits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable ſmockſter go to worke ſo openly, with the tricks of art, that I'me as aparantly ſeen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guiſt of trechery that I haue in me to betray my friend whẽ he puts moſt truſt in me (maſſe yonder

hee is too—) and by his iniurie to make good my acceſſe to her, I ſhould appeare as defectiue in courting, as a Farmers ſonne the firſt day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glaſſe windowes for a month together, and ſome broken wayting woman for euer after. I find thoſe imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falſhood, I ſhould want diſcourſe and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet. —He ſhall not ſee me yet.

Greene. Troth this is finely ſhred.

Lax. Oh women are the beſt mincers.

Miſt.Gal. 'Thad bin a good phraſe for a Cookes wife ſir.

Lax. But 'twill ſerue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke; as thus: Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all Engliſhwomen.

Miſt.Gal. Nay you ſhall ha'te ſir, I haue fild it for you.

Shee puts it to the fire.

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wiſh mine alwaies ſo.

Grce. But not to be vs'd a that faſhion.

Lax. O pardon me ſir, I vnderſtand no french. I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich ſmoake.

Goſh. Rich ſmoake; that's 6. pence a pipe iſt?

Green. To me ſweet Lady.

Miſt.Gal. Be not forgetful; reſpect my credit; ſeem ſtrange; Art and Wit makes a foole of ſuſpition:—pray be warie.

Lax. Puſh, I warrant you: —come, how iſt gallants?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were growne ſo ſilent; you are like thoſe that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worſe noyſe i'the noſe then a common fidlers prentice, and diſcourſe a whole Supper with ſnuffling; —I muſt ſpeake a word with you anone.

Miſt.Gal. Make your way wiſely then.

Goſh. Oh what elſe ſir, hee's perfection it ſelfe, full of manners, But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. I and full of forme, h'as ne're a good ſtoole in's chamber.

Goſh.

Gosh. But aboue all religious: hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant aboue meaſure; h'as runne three ſtreets from a Serieant.

Lax. Puh, Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

Green. Gosh. Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Lax. So, ſo.

Miſt. Gal. Whats the matter now ſir?

Lax. I proteſt I'me in extreame want of money, if you can ſupply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greateſt pleaſure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman taſted.

Miſt. Gal. What's the ſumme would pleaſure ye ſir? Tho you deſerue nothing leſſe at my hands.

Lax. Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'ſt; I put her off with opportunitie ſtill: by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in faſhion with gallants; for what I take from her, I ſpend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand ſtill; ſhee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to conſume the money: why how now? what the chin-cough?

Gosh. Thou haſt the cowardlieſt tricke to come before a mans face and ſtrangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earneſt.

Lax. Poxe and thou do'ſt, thou know'ſt I neuer vſe to fight with my friends, thou'l but looſe thy labour in't. Iacke Dapper! *Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.*

Greene. Mounſier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

I. Dap. Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar ſalute.

Gosh. He were ill to make a lawyer, hee diſpatches three at once.

Lax. So wel ſaid: but is this of the ſame Tobacco miſtreſſe *Gallipot*?

M. Gal. The ſame you had at firſt ſir.

Lax. I wiſh it no better: this will ſerue to drinke at my chamber.

Gosh. Shall we taſte a pipe on't?

Lax.

Lax. Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue ſworne before you.

Goſh. What not *Iacke dapper.*

Lax. Pardon me ſweet *Iacke*, I'me ſorry I made ſuch a raſh oath, but fooliſh oathes muſt ſtand: where art going *Iacke.*

Iac.Dap. Faith to buy one fether.

Lax. One fether, the foole's peculiar ſtill.

Iac.Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maiſter.

Iac.Dap. Heer's three halfepence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

Gul. How three ſingle halfepence; life, this will ſcarce ſerue a man in ſauce, a halporth of muſtard, a halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this ſhowes like ſmall beere ith morning after a great ſurfet of wine ore night, hee could ſpend his three pound laſt night in a ſupper amongſt girles and braue baudy-houſe boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, theſe are the egs of three pound, Ile go ſup'em vp preſently. *Exit Gul.*

Lax. Eight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loues darkeneſſe well, ſhe puts out a candle with the beſt tricks of any drugſters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon oportunity ſtill, and take no notice on't. The other night ſhe would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to ſhow me a naked picture, where no ſooner entred but the candle was ſent of an arrant: now I not intending to vnderſtand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with ſimple miſtaking. I know ſhe cofens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honeſt, as long as I can, to make the poore man ſome part of amends, an honeſt minde of a whooremaiſter, how thinke you amongſt you, what a freſh pipe, draw in a third man.

Goſh. No your a horder, you ingroſe bith ounces.

At the Fether ſhop now.

Iac.Dap. Puh I like it not.

M.Tiltyard What fether iſt you'ld haue ſir.

Theſe

Theſe are moſt worne and moſt in faſhion,
Amongſt the Beuer gallants the ſtone Riders.
The priuate ſtages audience, the twelu peny ſtool Gentlemen,
I can enforme you tis the generall fether.
Iac.Dap. And therefore I miſlike it, tell me of generall.
Now a continuall *Simon* and *Iudes* raine
Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.
Shew me—— a —— ſpangled fether,
Miſt.Tilt. Oh to go a feaſting with,
You'd haue it for a hinch boy, you ſhall. *At the Sempſters*
Maiſt.Open. Maſſe I had quite forgot, *ſhop now.*
His Honours footeman was here laſt night wife,
Ha you done with my Lords ſhirt.
Miſt.Open. Whats that to you ſir,
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,
Ere ſuch a ſnake as you crept out of your ſhell.
Maiſt.Open. Oh'twas well done good wife.
Mi.Op. I hold it better ſir, then if you had don't your ſelfe.
Ma.Op. Nay ſo ſay I: but is the Counteſſes ſmocke almoſt donne mouſe.
Mi.Op. Here lyes the cambricke ſir, but wants I feare mee.
Ma.Op. Ile reſolue you of that preſently,
Mi.Op. Haida, oh audacious groome,
Dare you preſume to noble womens linnen,
Keepe you your yard to meaſure ſheepeheards holland,
I muſt confine you I ſee that. *At the Tobacco ſhop now.*
Goſh. What ſay you to this geere.
Lax. I dare the arrants critticke in Tobacco
To lay one falt vpon't. *Enter* Mol *in a freeſe Ierkin and*
Goſh. Liſe yonders *Mol.* *a blacke ſauegard.*
Lax. Mol which Mol. *Goſh.* honeſt *Mol.*
Lax. Prithee lets call her --- *Mol.*
All. *Mol, Mol,* piſt *Mol.*
Mol. How now, whats the matter.
Goſh. A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*
Mol. I cannot ſtay,
Goſh. Nay *Moll* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

Mol. Well what iſt.

Green. Prithee come hither ſirra.

Lax. Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, ſh'as the Spirit of foure great pariſhes, and a voyce that will drowne all the Citty, me thinkes a braue Captaine might get all his ſouldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke ſops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough: Such a *Moll* were a matibone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard ſiege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the wals are fleſh & bloud Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

Goſh. Now thy iudgement *Moll*, iſt not good?

Mol. Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you ſell an an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Miſtreſſe *Gallipot*,

Goſh. Why *Mol*, *Mol*.

Mol. I cannot ſtay now ifaith, Iam going to buy a ſhag ruffe, the ſhop will be ſhut in preſently.

Goſh. Tis the maddeſt fantaſticalſt girle: --I neuer knew ſo much fleſh and ſo much nimbleneſſe put together.

Lax. Shee ſlips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmãs fingers:--Ile watch my time for her.

Miſt. Gal. Some will not ſticke to ſay ſhees a man
And ſome both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent, ſhe might firſt cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Fether ſhop againe.

Moll. Saue you; how does Miſtreſſe *Tiltyard*?

I. Dap. Mol.

Mol. Iacke Dappper.

I. Dap. How doſt *Mol*.

Mol. Ile tell the by and by, I go but toth' next ſhop.

I. Dap. Thou ſhalt find me here this howre about a fether.

Mol. Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a gooſe will laſt you all the daies of your life. Let me ſee a good ſhag ruffe.

The Sempſter ſhop.

Miſt. Open.

Maiſt.Open. Miſtreſſe *Mary* that ſhalt thou iſaith, and the beſt in the ſhop.

Miſt.Open. How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I ſend you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a miſchiefe, I'me ſeru'd with good ware byth ſhift, that makes it lye dead ſo long vpon my hands, I were as good ſhut vp ſhop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Maiſt.Open. Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot ſtop you, Ile out of the Belfry as faſt as I can —— *Moll.*

Miſt.Open. Get you from my ſhop.

Mol. I come to buy. (ſhop

Miſt.Open. Ile ſell ye nothing, I warne yee my houſe and

Mol. You goody *Openworke*, you that prick out a poore liuing
And ſowes many a bawdy skin-coate together,
Thou priuate pandreſſe betweene ſhirt and ſmock,
I wiſh thee for a minute but a man:
Thou ſhouldſt neuer vſe more ſhapes, but as th'art
I pitty my reuenge, now my ſpleenes vp, *Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his ſide.*
I would not mocke it willingly —— ha be thankfull.
Now I forgiue thee.

Miſt.Open. Mary hang thee, I neuer askt forgiueneſſe in my life.

Mol. You goodman ſwinesface.

Fellow What wil you murder me.

Mol. You remember ſlaue, how you abuſd me t'other night in a Tauerne.

Fel. Not I by this light.

Mol. No, but by candlelight you did, you haue trickes to ſaue your oathes, reſeruations haue you, and I haue reſerued ſomewhat for you,--- as you like that call for more, you know the ſigne againe.

Fel. Pox ant, had I brought any company along with mee to haue borne witneſſe on't, 'twold ne're haue grieu'd me, but to be ſtrucke and nobody by, tis my ill fortune ſtill, why tread vpon a worme they ſay twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentle-

man ſhould haue more manners. *Exit fellow.*

Lax. Gallantly performed ifath *Mol*, and manfully, I loue thee for euer ſort, baſe rogue, had he offerd but the leaſt counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for him.

Mol. You prepared for him, why ſhould you be prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

Lax. No nor ſo much by a yard and a handfull London meaſure..

Moll. Why do you ſpeake this then, doe you thinke I cannot ride a ſtone horſe, vnleſſe one lead him bith ſnaffle.

Lax. Yes and ſit him brauely, I know thou canſt *Mol*, twas but an honeſt miſtake through loue, and Ile make amends fort any way, prethee ſweete plumpe *Mol*, when ſhall thou and I go out a towne together.

Mol. Whether to Tyburne prethee.

Lax. Maſſe thats out a towne indeed, thou hangſt ſo many ieſts vpon thy friends ſtil. I meane honeſtly to *Brainford*, *Staines* or *Ware*.

Mol. What to do there.

Lax. Nothing but bee merry and lye together, Ile hire a coach with foure horſes.

Mol. I thought 'twould bee a beaſtly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horſes will ſerue, if I play the iade my ſelfe.

Lax. Nay puſh th'art ſuch another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

Mol. Tis hard but we ſhall meete ſir.

Lax. Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you ſee I do not trifle with you, do but ſay thou wilt meete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

Mol. Why here's my hand Ile meete you ſir.

Lax. Oh good gold,---the place ſweete *Mol*.

Mol. It ſhal be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat neere Holborne *Mol*.

Mol. In Graies-Inne fields then.

Lax. A match. *Mol.* Ile meete you there.

Lax. The houre. *Mol.* Three.

Lax.

Lax. That will be time enough to ſup at *Braineford.*

Fall from them to the other.

Ma. Op. I am of ſuch a nature ſir, I cannot endure the houſe when ſhee ſcolds, ſh'has a tongue will be hard further in a ſtill morning then Saint Antlings-bell, ſhe railes vpon me for forraine wenching, that I being a freemā muſt needs keep a whore ith ſubburbs, and ſeeke to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you ſtill to make all whole with my wife.

Gosh. No trouble at all, tis a pleaſure to mee to ioyne things togerher.

Maiſt. Open. Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honeſty *Goſhawke.* *The Fether ſhop.*

Iac. Dap. How lik'ſt thou this *Mol.*

Mol. Oh ſingularly, your fitted now for a bunch, he lookes for all the world with thoſe ſpangled fethers like a noblemans bedpoſt: The purity of your wench would I faine try, ſhee ſeemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleeue as many wiles are in her ----- oh the gallants of theſe times are ſhallow letchers, they put not their courtſhip home enough to a wench, tis impoſſible to know what woman is throughly honeſt, becauſe ſhee's nere thorougly try'd, I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the ſlackneſſe then? many a poore ſoule would downe, and ther's nobody will puſh (em: Women are courted but nere ſoundly tri'd, As many walke in ſpurs that neuer ride. *The Sempſters ſhop.*

Miſt. Open. Oh abominable.

Gosh. Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith ſubburbs.

Miſt. Open. O ſpittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile ſhew you mine armes when you pleaſe ſir.

Gosh. I had rather ſee your legs, and begin that way.

Miſt. Openworke Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladies ſeruice, where I was well beloued of the ſteward, I had my Latrine tongue, and a ſpice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a ſubberbian whoore vnder my noſtrils.

Gosh. There's waies enough to cry quite with him, harke in thine eare.

Misl. Open. Theres a friend worth a Million.

Mol I'le try one ſpeare againſt your chaſtity Miſt. *Tiltyard* Though it proue too ſhort by the burgh.

Trap. Maſſe here ſhe is. *Enter Ralph Trapdore* I'me bound already to ſerue her, tho it be but a ſluttiſh tricke. Bleſſe my hopefull yong Miſtreſſe with long life and great limbs, ſend her the vpper hand of all balifes, and their hungry adherents.

Mol. How now, what art thou?

Trap. A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would gladly wait for the yong floud of your ſeruice.

Mol. My ſeruice! what ſhould moue you to offer your ſeruice to me ſir?

Trap. The loue I beare to your heroicke ſpirit and maſculine womanhood.

Mol. So ſir, put caſe we ſhould retaine you to vs, what parts are there in you for a Gentlewomans ſeruice.

Trap. Of two kinds right Worſhipfull: moueable, and immoueable: moueable to run of arrants, and immoueable to ſtand when you haue occaſion to vſe me.

Mol. What ſtrength haue you.

Trap. Strengh Miſtreſſe *Mol*, I haue gon vp into a ſteeple, and ſtaid the great bell as 'thas beene ringing; ſtopt a windmill going. Mols *trips vp his heeles he fals.*

Mol. And neuer ſtrucke downe your ſelfe.

Trap. Stood as vpright as I do at this preſent.

Mol. Come I pardon you for this, it ſhall bee no diſgrace to you: I haue ſtrucke vp the heeles of the high Germaines ſize ere now, ----- what not ſtand.

Trap. I am of that nature where I loue, I'le bee at my miſtreſſe foot to do her ſeruice.

Mol. Why well ſaid, but ſay your Miſtreſſe ſhould receiue iniury, haue you the ſpirit of fighting in you, durſt you ſecond her.

Trap. Life I haue kept a bridge my ſelfe, and droue ſeuen

at

at a time before me. *Mol.* I.

Trap. But they were all Lincolneſhire bullockes by my troth. aſide.

Mol. Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three and foure this afternoone, and vpon better conſideration weele retaine you.

Trap. I humbly thanke your good Miſtreſhip,
Ile crack your necke for this kindneſſe. *Exit Trapdore*

Lax. Remember three. *Mol meets Laxton*

Moll. Nay if I faile you haange me.

Lax. Good wench Ifaith. *then Openworke.*

Moll. Whoſe this.

Maiſt.Open. Tis I *Mol.*

Moll. Prithee tend thy ſhop and preuent baſtards.

Maiſt.Open. Wele haue a pint of the ſame wine ifaith *Mol.*
The bel rings.

Goſh. Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.
Iacke Dapper where ſhals all munch.

Iac.Dap. I am for Parkers ordinary.

Lax. Hee's a good gueſt to'm, hee deſerues his boord,
He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,
Weele be your followers *Iacke*, lead the way,
Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his neſt well.
Exeunt Gallants.

Enter Maiſter Gallipot, *Maiſter* Tiltyard, *and ſeruants with water Spaniels and a ducke.*

Maiſt.Tilt. Come ſhut vp your ſhops, where's *Maiſter Openworke.*

Miſt.Gal. Nay aske not me *Maiſter Tiltyard.*

Maiſt.Tilt. Wher's his water dog, puh--piſt--hur--hur-piſt

Maiſt.Gal. Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogſden.

Miſt.Gal. To Hogſden husband.

Maiſt.Gal. I to Hogſden pigs ny.

Miſt.Gal. I'me not ready husband. *ſpits in the dogs mouth*

Maiſt.Gal. Faith thats well -- hum--piſt--piſt

Come

Maiſt.Gal. Come Miſtreſſe *Openworke* you are ſo long.

Miſt. Open. I haue no ioy of my life Maiſter *Gallipot.*

Maiſt.Gal, Puſh,let your boy lead his water Spaniel along, and weele ſhow you the braueſt ſport at parlous pond, he trug, he trug, he trug, heres the beſt ducke in England, except my wife, he, he,he,fetch,fetch,fetch,come lets away
Of all the yeare this is the ſportfulſt day.

Enter Sebaſtian *ſolus.*

Seb. If a man haue a free will, where ſhould the vſe
More perfect ſhine then in his will to loue.
All creatures haue their liberty in that, *Enter* Sir Alexander
Tho elſe kept vnder ſeruile yoke and feare, *and liſtens to him.*
The very bondſlaue has his freedome there,
Amongſt a world of creatures voyc'd and ſilent.
Muſt my deſires weare fetters---- yea are you
So neere, then I muſt breake with my hearts truth;
Meete griefe at a backe way---- well: why ſuppoſe.
The two leaud tongues of ſlander or of truth
Pronounce *Mol* loathſome: if before my loue
Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,
I haue the thing I like? in all things elſe
Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em proſper,
Life what ſhould aile it now? I know that man
Nere truely loues, if he gaineſayt he lyes;
That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.
Ile keepe myne owne wide open. *Enter* Mol *and a porter*
Alex. Here's braue wilfulneſſe, *with a vtall on his backe.*
A made match, here ſhe comes, they met a purpoſe.

Por. Muſt I carry this great fiddle to your chamber Miſtreſſe *Mary.*

Mol. Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, ſome of theſe porters beare ſo much for others, they haue no time to carry wit for themſelues.

Por. To your owne chamber Miſtreſſe *Mary.*

Moll. Who'le heare an Aſſe ſpeake: whither elſe good-

man

man pagent-bearer : the're people of the worſt memories.

Exit Porter.

Seb. Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue them carry things in their minds, and a'ther backes together.

Mol. Pardon me ſir, I thought not you ſo neere.

Alex. So,ſo,ſo.

Seb. I would be neerer to thee, and in that faſhion,
That makes the beſt part of all creatures honeſt.
No otherwiſe I wiſh it.

Mol. Sir I am ſo poore to requite you, you muſt looke for nothing but thankes of me, I haue no humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth ſides ath bed my ſelfe; and againe ath'other ſide, a wife you know ought to be obedient,but I feare me I am too headſtrong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you ſo well ſir for your good will I'de be loath you ſhould repent your bargaine after, and therefore weele nere come together at firſt, I haue the head now of my ſelfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing,where a maiden looſes one head,and has a worſe ith place.

Alex. The moſt comfortable anſwer from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

Seb. This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thee,when tis the muſicke that I loue thee for,

Alex. There's a boy ſpoyles all againe.

Mol. Beleeue it ſir I am not of that diſdainefull temper,but I could loue you faithfully.

Alex. A pox on you for that word. I like you not now,
Y'are a cunning roarer I ſee that already.

Mol. But ſleepe vpon this once more ſir, you may chance ſhift a minde to morrow, be not too haſty to wrong your ſelfe, neuer while you liue ſir take a wife running,many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you ſee ſir I ſpeake againſt my ſelfe, and if euery woman would deale with their ſuter ſo honeſtly, poore yonger brothers would not bee ſo often gul'd with old coſoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in truſt to ſome kinſman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a penſion, fare you well ſir.

Seb. Nay prethee one word more.

Alex. How do I wrong this girle, ſhe puts him of ſtill.

Moll. Thinke vpon this in cold bloud ſir, you make as much haſt as if you were a going vpon a ſturgion voyage, take deliberation ſir, neuer chuſe a wife as if you were going to *Virginia*.

Seb. And ſo we parted, my too curſed fate.

Alex. She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

Enter a Tailor:

Taylor Miſtreſſe *Mol*, Miſtreſſe *Mol*: ſo ho ho ſo ho.

Mol. There boy, there boy, what doſt thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

Taylor I forgot to take meaſure on you for your new breeches.

Alex. Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monſter with two trinckets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man muſt weare long coates like a foole.

Mol. What fidlings heere, would not the old patterne haue ſeru'd your turne.

Taylor. You change the faſhion, you ſay you'le haue the great Dutch ſlop Miſtreſſe *Mary*.

Mol. Why ſir I ſay ſo ſtill.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

Mol. Well pray looke it be put in then.

Taylor. It ſhall ſtand round and full I warrant you,

Mol. Pray make em eaſy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t'other was ſomewhat ſtiffe betweene the legges, Ile make theſe open enough I warrant you.

Alex. Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my ſonne to marry a Dutch ſlop, and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

Taylor. So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

Mol. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go preſently to your chamber Miſtreſſe *Mary*, pray ſend me the meaſure of your thigh, by ſome honeſt body.

Mol.

Mol. Well ſir, Ile ſend it by a Porter perſently. *Exit Mol.*

Taylor. So you had neede, it is a luſty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in England. *Exit Taylor.*

Seb. I haue examined the beſt part of man,
Reaſon and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,
They leaue me vncontrould, he that is ſwayd
By an vnfeeling bloud, paſt heat of loue
His ſpring time muſt needes erre, his watch nere goes right
That ſets his dyall by a ruſty clocke,

Alex. So, and which is that ruſty clocke ſir you.

Seb. The clocke at Ludgate ſir, it nere goes true.

Alex. But thou goeſt falſer: not thy fathers cares
Can keepe thee right, when that inſenſible worke,
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre
And ſtops againe when time is ſatisfied,
But thou runſt on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,
Beats by all ſtoppes, as if the worke would breake
Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,
Much like a ſuffering man brought vp with care.
At laſt bequeath'd to ſhame and a ſhort prayer,

Seb. I taſt you bitterer then I can deſerue ſir.

Alex. Who has bewitch thee ſonne, what diuell or drug,
Hath wrought vpon the weakneſſe of thy bloud,
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowſy and enchanted ſhame,
Wherein thy ſoule ſits with a golden dreame
Flatred and poyſoned, I am old my ſonne, (mine owne
Oh let me preuaile quickly; for I haue waightier buſineſſe of
Then to chide thee: I muſt not to my graue,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes
Onely to ſleepe, and neuer cares to riſe,
Let me diſpatch in time, come no more neere her.

Seb. Not honeſtly, not in the way of marriage,

Alex. What ſayſt thou marriage, in what place, the Seſſions houſe, and who ſhall giue the bride, prethe, an inditement.

Seb. Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong her.

Alex. Why, wouldſt thou faine marry to be pointed at,
Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon
As her thy folly doates on. If thou longſt
To haue the ſtory of thy infamous fortunes,
Serue for diſcourſe in ordinaries and tauernes
Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keepe on, thou canſt not miſſe it: or to ſtrike
Thy wretched father to vntimely coldneſſe,
Keepe the left hand ſtill, it will bring thee to't.
Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,
Nor ſighes that flye in ſparkles, from his ſorrowes,
Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,
Me thinkes her very name ſhould ſtright thee from her,
And neuer trouble me.

Seb. Why is the name of *Mol* ſo fatall ſir.

Alex. Many one ſir, where ſuſpect is entred,
For ſeeke all *London* from one end to t'other,
More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

Seb. Whats that to her? let thoſe bluſh for themſelues.
Can any guilt in others condemne her?
I'ue vowd to loue her: let all ſtormes oppoſe me,
That euer beate againſt the breſt of man,
Nothing but deaths blacke tempeſt ſhall diuide vs.

Alex. Oh folly that can dote on nought but ſhame.

Seb. Put caſe a wanton itch runs through one name
More then another, is that name the worſe,
Where honeſty ſits poſſeſt in't? it ſhould rather
Appeare more excellent, and deſerue more praiſe,
When through foule miſts a brightneſſe it can raiſe.
Why there are of the diuels, honeſt Gentlemen,
And well deſcended, keepe an open houſe,
And ſome ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.
He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,
For the name neither ſaues, nor yet condemnes,
And for her honeſty, I haue made ſuch proofe an't,

In ſeuerall formes, ſo neerely watcht her waies,
I will maintaine that ſtrict, againſt an army,
Excepting you my father: here's her worſt,
Sh'has a bold ſpirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing elſe comes neere it: and oftentimes
Through her apparell ſomewhat ſhames her birth,
But ſhe is looſe in nothing but in mirth,
Would all *Mols* were no worſe.

Alex. This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme
To infamy and ruine: he will fall,
My bleſſing cannot ſtay him: all my ioyes
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud
And will be wilfully ſwallowed: wilfully.
But why ſo vaine, let all theſe teares be loſt,
Ile purſue her to ſhame, and ſo al's croſt. *Exit Sir Alexander*

Seb. Hee is gon with ſome ſtrange purpoſe, whoſe effect
Will hurt me little if he ſhoot ſo wide,
To thinke I loue ſo blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.
Wherein my ioy ſits with a full wiſh crownd,
Onely his moode excepted which muſt change.
By oppoſite pollicies, courſes indirect,
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.
This madde girle I'le acquaint with my intent,
Get her aſſiſtance, make my fortunes knowne,
Twixt louers hearts, ſhee's a fit inſtrument,
And has the art to help them to their owne,
By her aduiſe, for in that craft ſhee's wiſe,
My loue and I may meete, ſpite of all ſpies. *Exit Sebaſtian.*

Enter Laxton *in Graies-Inne fields with the Coachman.*

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Heere ſir.

Lax. There's a teſter more, prethee driue thy coach to the hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

Coach. Marybone parke ſir.

Lax. I, its in our way thou knowſt.

Coach. It ſhall be done ſir.

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. A non ſir.

Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

Coach. The beſt in Smithfield I warrant your ſir.

Lax. May we ſafely take the vpper hand of any coacht veluet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde ſwaggering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are ſtopt with them.

Coach. My life for yours and baffle em to ſir,---- why they are the ſame iades beleeue it ſir, that haue drawne all your famous whores to *Ware*.

Lax. Nay then they know their buſineſſe, they neede no more inſtructions.

Coach. The're ſo vſd to ſuch iourneis ſir, I neuer vſe whip to em; for if they catch but the ſent of a wench once, they runne like diuels. *Exit Coachman with his whip.*

Lax. Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will haue the ſtart of a thouſand ones, for whilſt others trot a foot, heele ride prauncing to hell vpon a coach-horſe.

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I ſee her not, harke whats this, one, two three, three by the clock at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place, ſhee ſwore ſhe'ed meete mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-men with one wench, but thats not ſhee, they walke toward Iſlington out of my way, I ſee none yet dreſt like her, I muſt looke for a ſhag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a ſhort ſword, and a ſafeguard, or I get none: why *Mol* prethee make haſt, or the Coachman will curſſe vs anon.

The clocke ſtrikes three.

Enter Mol *like a man.*

Mol. Oh heeres my Gentleman: if they would keepe their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with their harlots, no bankrout would giue ſeuen ſcore pound for a ſeriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deui-

ued

riu'd, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a ſeriant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready ſir.

Lax. Ready, for what ſir.

Mol. Do you aske that now ſir, why was this meeting pointed.

Lax. I thought you miſtooke me ſir,
You ſeeme to be ſome yong barriſter,
I haue no ſuite in law ---- all my land's ſold
I praiſe heauen for't; t'has rid me of much trouble,

Mol. Then I muſt wake you ſir, where ſtands the coach,

Lax. Whoſe this, *Mol*: honeſt *Mol*.

Mol. So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your eyes I ſee that.

Lax. Th'art admirably ſuited for the three pigions at *Brainford*, Ile ſweare I knew thee not.

Mol. Ile ſweare you did not: but you ſhall know me now.

Lax. No not here, we ſhall be ſpyde e faith, the coach is better, come. *Mol.* Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou vntruſſe a point *Mol*.

Shee puts of her cloake and drawes.

Mol. Yes, heere's the point that I vntruſſe, 'thas but one tag, 'twill ſerue tho to tye vp a rogues tongue.

Lax. How. (here's her pace,

Mol. There's the gold with which you hir'd your hackney,
Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feele it,
Ten angels of mine own, I'ue put to thine, win em, & weare em,

Lax. Hold *Moll*, Miſtreſſe *Mary*.

Mol. Draw or Ile ſerue an execution on thee
Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

Lax. Draw vpon a woman, why what doſt meane *Mol*?

Mol. To teach thy baſe thoughts manners: th'art one of thoſe
That thinkes each woman thy fond flexable whore,
If ſhe but caſt a liberall eye vpon thee,
Turne backe her head, ſhees thine, or amongſt company,
By chance drinke firſt to thee: then ſhee's quite gon,
There's no meanes to help her: nay for a need,
Wilt ſweare vnto thy credulous fellow letchers.

That

That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at firſt ſight
Then her monky all her life time,
How many of our ſex, by ſuch as thou
Haue their good thoughts paid with a blaſted name
That neuer deſerued looſly or did trip
In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.
But for the ſtaine of conſcience and of ſoule,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act ſilent, then a bragging nothing,
There's no mercy in't --- what durſt moue you ſir,
To thinke me whooriſh? a name which Ide teare out
From the hye Germaines throat, if it lay ledger there
To diſpatch priuy ſlanders againſt mee.
In thee I defye all men, there worſt hates,
And their beſt flatteries, all their golden witcherafts,
With which they intangle the poore ſpirits of fooles,
Diſtreſſed needlewomen and trade-fallne wiues.
Fiſh that muſt needs bite, or themſelues be bitten,
Such hungry things as theſe may ſoone be tooke
With a worme faſtned on a golden hooke.
Thoſe are the letchers food, his prey, he watches
For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore ſhifting ſiſters,
Tis the beſt fiſh he takes: but why good fiſherman,
Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet
Had angling rod caſt towards me? cauſe youl'e ſay
I'me giuen to ſport, I'me often mery, ieſt,
Had mirth no kindred in the world but luſt?
O ſhame take all her friends then: but how ere
Thou and the baſer world cenſure my life,
Ile ſend 'em word by thee, and write ſo much
Vpon thy breaſt, cauſe thou ſhalt bear't in mind,
Tell them 'twere baſe to yeeld, where I haue conquer'd.
I ſcorne to proſtitute my ſelfe to a man,
I that can proſtitue a man to mee,
And ſo I greete thee.

Lax. Heare me.

Mol. Would the ſpirits of al my ſlanders, were claſpt in thine.

That

That I might vexe an army at one time,
Lax. I do repent me, hold, *They fight.*
Mol. You'l die the better Chriſtian then.
Lax. I do confeſſe I haue wrong'd thee *Mol.*
Mol. Confeſſion is but poore amends for wrong,
Vnleſſe a rope would follow.
Lax. I aske thee pardon.
Mol. I'me your hir'd whoore ſir.
Lax. I yeeld both purſe and body.
Mol. Both are mine, and now at my diſpoſing.
Lax. Spare my life.
Mol. I ſcorne to ſtrike thee baſely.
Lax. Spoke like a noble girle i'faith.
Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghoſt of a fencer,
Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this a letcherous viage?
Here's bloud would haue ſeru'd me this ſeuen yeare in broken heads and cut fingers, & it now runs all out together, pox athe three pigions, I would the coach were here now to carry mee to the Chirurgions. *Exit Laxton.*
Mol. If I could meete my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty ſhift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know, ſhee that has wit, and ſpirit,
May ſcorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,
Or for apparell like your common dame,
That makes ſhame get her cloathes, to couer ſhame.
Baſe is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,
As if a husband ſtood in awe on's wife,
My ſpirit ſhall be Miſtreſſe of this houſe,
As long as I haue time in't. —— oh *Enter Trapdore.*
Heere comes my man that would be: 'tis his houre.
Faith a good well ſet fellow, if his ſpirit
Be anſwerable to his vmbles; he walkes ſtiffe,
But whether he will ſtand to't ſtifly, there's the point;
Has a good calfe for't, and ye ſhall haue many a woman
Chooſe him ſhee meanes to meke her head, by his calfe;
I do not know their trickes in't, faith he ſeemes
A man without; I'le try what he is within,

Trap. Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three & foure,
Ile fit her Miſtreſhip with a peece of ſeruice,
I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle. *Shee iuſtles him*
What a pox ailes you ſir?

Mol. He beginnes like a Gentleman,

Trap. Heart, is the field ſo narrow, or your eye-ſight:
Life he comes backe againe. *She comes towards him.*

Mol. Was this ſpoke to me ſir.

Trap. I cannot tell ſir.

Mol. Go y'are a coxcombe.

Trap. Coxcombe.

Mol. Y'are a ſlaue.

Trap. I hope there's law for you ſir.

Mol. Ye, do you ſee ſir. *Turne his hat.*

Trap. Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what houſe your off.

Mol. One of the Temple ſir. *Philips him.*

Trap. Maſſe ſo me thinkes.

Mol. And yet ſometime I lye about chicke lane.

Trap. I like you the worſe becauſe you ſhift your lodging ſo often
Ile not meddle with you for that tricke ſir. (

Mol. A good ſhift, but it ſhall not ſerue your turne.

Trap. You'le giue me leaue to paſſe about my buſineſſe ſir.

Mol. Your buſineſſe, Ile make you waite on mee before I ha done, and glad to ſerue me too.

Trap. How ſir, ſerue you, not if there were no more men in England.

Moll. But if there were no more women in England I hope you'd waite vpon your Miſtreſſe then,

Trap. Miſtreſſe.

Mol. Oh your a tri'd ſpirit at a puſh ſir,

Trap. What would your Worſhip haue me do.

Mol. You a fighter.

Trap. No, I praiſe heauen, I had better grace & more maners.

Mol. As how I pray. ſir.

Trap. Life, 'thad bene a beaſtly part of me to haue drawne my weapons vpon my Miſtreſſe, all the world would a cry'd ſhame

ſhame of me for that.

Mol. Why but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not ſay ſo Miſtreſſe, I knew you by your wide ſtraddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

Mol. Well, we ſhall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you intertainement.

Trap. Thanke your good Miſtreſhip.

Mol. How many ſuites haue you.

Trap. No more ſuites then backes Miſtreſſe.

Mol. Well if you deſerue, I caſt of this, next weeke, And you may creepe into't.

Trap. Thanke your good Worſhip.

Mol. Come follow me to S. *Thomas Apoſtles*, Ile put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the firſt thing I do,

Trap. I follow my deere Miſtreſſe. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Miſtreſſe Gallipot *as from ſupper, her husband after her.*

Maiſt.Gal. What *Pru*, Nay ſweete *Prudence*.

Miſt.Gal. What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the baby would haue a teate it kyes ſo, pray be not ſo fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I'me vext at you to ſee how like a calfe you come bleating after me.

Maiſt.Gal. Nay hony *Pru*: how does your riſing vp before all the table ſhew? and flinging from my friends ſo vncinily, fiye *Pru*, fye, come.

Miſt.Gal. Then vp and ride ifaith.

Maiſt.Gal. Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*, thats farre from my thought, ducke: why mouſe, thy minde is nibbling at ſomething, whats iſt, what lyes vpon thy Stomach?

Miſt.Gal. Such an aſſe as you: hoyda, y'are beſt turne midwife, or Phyſition: y'are a Poticary already, but I'me none of your drugs.

Maiſt.Gal. Thou art a ſweete drug, ſweeteſt *Pru*, and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

Miſt.Gal. Muſt you be prying into a womans ſecrets: ſay ye?

Maiſt.Gal. Womans ſecrets.

Miſt.Gal. What? I cannot haue a qualme come vpon mee but your teeth waters, till your noſe hang ouer it.

Maiſt.Gal. It is my loue deere wife.

Miſt.Gal. Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouerme, ſo cookiſh; thou doſt not know how to handle a woman in her kind,

Maiſt.Gal. No *Pru?* why I hope I haue handled. - - - - - -

Miſt.Gal. Handle a fooles head of your owne, - - fih---fih.

Maiſt.Gal. Ha, ha, tis ſuch a waſpe; it does mee good now to haue her ſing me, little rogue.

Miſt.Gal. Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide theſe aperne husbands: ſuch cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, they become you ſcuruily.

Maiſt.Gal. Vpon my life ſhe breeds, heauen knowes how I haue ſtraind my ſelfe to pleaſe her, night and day: I wonder why wee Cittizens ſhould get children ſo fretfull and vntoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the moſt part as gentle as milch kine: ſhall I leaue thee my *Pru.*

Miſt.Gal. Fye, fye, fye.

Maiſt.Gal. Thou ſhalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold ſweete *Pru.* *Exit Maiſt.Gallipot.*

Miſt.Gal. A - your wit has done: now Maiſter *Laxton* ſhew your head, what newes from you? would any husband ſuſpect that a woman crying, Buy any ſcurui-graſſe, ſhould bring loue letters amongſt her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, fine conueyance? had iealouſy a thouſand eyes, a ſilly woman with ſcuruy-graſſe blinds them all; *Laxton* with bayes crown I thy wit for this, it deſerues praiſe.

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wiſe,
Lacke what poore ſhift is loue forc't to deuiſe? (toth' point)

She reads the letter.

O Sweete Creature --- (a ſweete beginning) *pardon my long abſence, for thou ſhalt ſhortly be poſſeſſed with my preſence; though* Demophon *was falſe to* Phillis, *I will be to thee as* Pan-da-rus *was to* Creſ-ſida: *tho* Eneus *made an aſſe of* Dido, *I will dye to thee ere I do ſo; o ſweeteſt creature make much of me, for no man beneath*

beneath the ſiluer moone ſhall make more of a woman then I do of thee, furniſh me therefore with thirty pounds, you muſt doe it of neceſſity for me; I languiſh till I ſee ſome comfort come from thee, proteſting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to liue ſo, as hitherto I haue and will.

Thy true *Laxton* euer.

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pitty him,
How ſhall I raiſe this money? thirty pound?
Tis thirty ſure, a 3 before an o,
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way ſhall I turne?
Laxton, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,
I'me like a needle twixt two adamants.

Enter Maiſter Gallipot *haſtily*.

Maiſt.Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp, ha, how, reading a letters? I ſmel a gooſe, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my life, --- ſteale, --- ſteale. *Miſt.Gal.* O beſhrow your heart.

Maiſt.Gal. What letter's that? I'le ſee't. *She teares the letter.*

Miſt.Gal. Oh would thou had'ſt no eyes to ſee't. downefall of me and thy ſelfe: I'me for euer, for euer I'me vndon.

Maiſt.Gal. What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's that thou tea.

Miſt.Gal. Would I could teare
My very heart in peeces: for my ſoule
Lies on the racke of ſhame, that tortures me
Beyond a womans ſuffering.

Maiſt.Gall. What meanes this?

Miſt.Gall. Had you no other vengeance to throw downe,
But euen in heigth of all my ioyes?

Maiſt.Gal. Deere woman.

Miſt.Gal. When the full ſea of pleaſure and content ſeem'd to flow ouer me.

Maiſt.Gal. As thou deſireſt to keepe mee out of bedlam,

tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurſe ſalne ſicke, or death?

Miſt.Gal. Oh no.

Maiſt.Gal. Heauens bleſſe me, are my barnes and houſes
Yonder at Hockly hole conſum'd with fire,
I can build more, ſweete *Pru.*

Miſt.Gal. Tis worſe, tis worſe.

Maiſt.Gal. My factor broke, or is the *Ionas* ſuncke.

Miſt.Gal. Would all we had were ſwallowed in the waues,
Rather then both ſhould be the ſcorne of ſlaues.

Maiſt.Gal. I'me at my wits end.

Miſt.Gal. Oh my deere husband,
Where once I thought my ſelfe a fixed ſtarre,
Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,
I feare now I ſhall proue a wanderer,
Oh *Laxton, Laxton,* is it then my fate
To be by thee orethrowne?

Maiſt.Gal. Defend me wiſedome,
From falling into frenzie, on my knees. (thy boſome.
Sweete *Pru,* ſpeake, whats that *Laxton* who ſo heauy lyes on

Miſt.Gal. I ſhall ſure run mad.

Maiſt.Gal. I ſhall run mad for company then: ſpeak to me,
I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, --- *Pru,* —— why *Pru.*
Art ſicke in conſcience for ſome villanous deed
Thou wert about to act, didſt meane to rob me,
Tuſh I forgiue thee, haſt thou on my bed
Thruſt my ſoft pillow vnder anothers head?
Ile winke at all faults *Pru,* las thats no more,
Then what ſome neighbours neere thee, haue done before,
Sweete hony *Pru,* whats that *Laxton*?

Miſt.Gall. Oh.

Maiſt.Gal. Out with him.

Miſt.Gall. Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,
This hand which thou calſt thine, to him was giuen,
To him was I made ſure ith ſight of heauen.

Maiſt.Gal. I neuer heard this thunder.

Miſt.Gall. Yes, yes, before

I was to thee contracted, to him I ſwore,
Since laſt I ſaw him twelue moneths three times told,
The Moone hath drawne through her light ſiluer bow,
For ore the ſeas hee went, and it was ſaid,
(But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.
But hee's aliue, oh hee's aliue, he ſent,
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
Swearing with oathes moſt damnably to haue me,
Or teare me from this boſome, oh heauens ſaue me,

Maiſt.Gal. My heart will breake, —— ſham'd and vndone for euer.

Miſt.Gal. So black a day (poore wretch) went ore thee neuer.

Maiſt.Gal. If thou ſhouldſt wraſtle with him at the law,
Th'art ſure to fall, no odde ſlight, no preuention.
Ile tell him th'art with child.

Miſt.Gal. Vmh.

Maiſt.Gall. Or giue out one of my men was lane a bed with thee.

Miſt. Gal. Vmh, vmh.

Maiſt.Gal. Before I looſe thee my deere *Pru*,
Ile driue it to that puſh.

Miſt. Gal. Worſe, and worſe ſtill,
You embrace a miſchiefe, to preuent an ill.

Maiſt.Gal. Ile buy thee of him, ſtop his mouth with Gold,
Think'ſt thou twill do.

Miſt. Gall. Oh me, heauens grant it would,
Yet now my ſences are ſet more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding vp and downe had ſpent,
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, ſend that,
Stand not on thirty with him.

Maiſt.Gal. Forty *Pru*, ſay thou the word tis done, wee venture liues for wealth, but muſt do more to keepe our wiues, thirty or forty *Pru*.

Miſt.Gal. Thirty good ſweete
Of an ill bargaine lets ſaue what we can,
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man

When

When firſt I knew him of a meeke ſpirit,
All goodneſſe is not yet dryd vp I hope.
Maiſt.Gall. He ſhall haue thirty pound, let that ſtop all:
Loues ſweets taſt beſt, when we haue drunke downe Gall.

Enter Maiſter Tiltyard, *and his wife*, Maiſter Goſhawke, *and* Miſtreſſe Openworke.

Gods ſo, our friends; come, come, ſmoth your cheeke;
After a ſtorme the face of heauen looks ſleeke.
Maiſt.Tilt. Did I not tell you theſe turtles were together?
Miſt.Tilt. How doſt thou ſirra? why ſiſter *Gallipot*?
Miſt.Open. Lord how ſhee's chang'd?
Goſh. Is your wife ill ſit?
Maiſt.Gal. Yes indeed la ſir, very ill, very ill, neuer worſe,
Miſt.Tilt. How her head burnes, feele how her pulſes work.
Miſt. Open. Siſter lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee good.
Miſt.Tilt. In good ſadneſſe I finde beſt eaſe in that too,
Has ſhee laid ſome hot thing to her Stomach?
Miſt.Gal. No, but I will lay ſomething anon.
Maiſt.Tilt. Come, come fooles, you trouble her, ſhal's goe Maiſter *Goſhawke*?
Goſh. Yes ſweete Maiſter *Tiltyard*, ſirra *Roſamond* I hold my life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.
Miſt.Open. Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.
Goſh. Wee ſhall haue your face painted with the ſame red ſoone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a falſe alley; thou wilt not beleeue me that his bowles run with a wrong byas.
Miſt.Open. It cannot ſinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon ſtale mutten abroad, hauing better and freſher at home.
Goſh. What if I bring thee, where thou ſhalt ſee him ſtand at racke and manger?
Miſt.Open. Ile ſaddle him in's kind, and ſpurre him till hee kicke againe.
Goſh. Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

Miſt.Open.

Miſt.Open. Heere's my hand.

Goſh. No more; come Maiſter *Tilyard*, ſhall we leape into the ſtirrops with our women, and amble home?

Maiſt.Tilt. Yes,yes,come wife.

Miſt.Tilt. Introth ſiſter,I hope you will do well for all this.

Miſt.Gal. I hope I ſhall:farewell good ſiſter:ſweet Maiſter *Goſhawke.*

Maiſt.Gal. Welcome brother, moſt kindlie welcome ſir.

Omnes Thankes ſir for our good cheere.

Exeunt all but Gallipot *and his wife.*

Maiſt.Gal. It ſhall be ſo, becauſe a crafty knaue
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,
I'le giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound:
Tuſh *Prn* what's thirty pound? ſweete ducke looke cheerely.

Miſt.Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart thou bui'ſt itdeerely.

Enter Laxton *muffled.*

Lax. Vds light the tide's againſt me, a pox of your Potticariſhp: oh for ſome gliſter to ſet him going; 'tis one of *Hercules* labours, to tread one of theſe Cittie hennes, becauſe their cockes are ſtil crowing ouer them;there's no turning tale here, I muſt on.

Miſt.Gal. Oh, husband ſee he comes.

Maiſt.Gal. Let me deale with him.

Lax. Bleſſe you ſir.

Maiſt.Gal. Be you bleſt too ſir if you come in peace.

Lax. Haue you any good pudding Tobacco ſir?

Miſt.Gal. Oh picke no quarrels gentle ſir, my husband
Is not a man of weapon,as you are,
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him,concerning you.

Lax. Zounes has ſhe ſhowne my letters.

Miſt Gal. Suppoſe my caſe were yours,what would you do.
At ſuch a pinch, ſuch batteries, ſuch aſſaultes,
Of father, mother, kinred, to diſſolue
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him?

How could you ſhift this ſtorme off?
Lax. If I know hang me,
Miſt.Gal. Beſides a ſtory of your death was read
Each minute to me.
Lax. What a pox meanes this ridling?
Maiſt.Gal. Be wiſe ſir, let not you and I be toſt
On Lawiers pens; they haue ſharpe nibs and draw
Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you ſir
To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,
And call your friends together ſir to prooue
Your precontact, when ſh'has confeſt it?
Lax. Vmh ſir, --- has ſhe confeſt it?
Maiſt.Gal. Sh'has 'faith to me ſir, vpon your letter ſending.
Miſt.Gal. I haue, I haue.
Lax. If I let this yron coole call me ſlaue,
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence*? think'ſt thou vile woman
I'le take theſe blowes and winke?
Miſt.Gal. Vpon my knees.
Lax. Out impudence.
Maiſt.Gal. Good ſir.
Lax. You goatiſh ſlaues,
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?
Maiſt.Gal. Alas ſir,
You make her fleſh to tremble, fright her not,
Shee ſhall do reaſon, and what's fit.
Lax. I'le haue thee, were thou more common
Then an hoſpitall, and more diſeaſed. ---
Maiſt.Gal. But one word good ſir.
Lax. So ſir.
Maiſt.Gal. I married her, haue line with her, and got
Two children on her body, thinke but on that,
Haue you ſo beggarly an appetite
When I vpon a dainty diſh haue fed
To dine vpon my ſcraps, my leauings? ha ſir?
Do I come neere you now ſir?
Lax. Be Lady you touch me.
Maiſt.Gal. Would not you ſcorne to weare my cloathes ſir?

Lax.

Lax. Right ſir.

Maiſt.Gal. Then pray ſir weare not her, for ſhee's a garment
So fitting for my body, I'me loath
Another ſhould put it on, you will vndoe both.
Your letter (as ſhee ſaid) complained you had ſpent
In queſt of her, ſome thirty pound, I'le pay it;
Shall that ſir ſtop this gap vp twixt you two?

Lax. Well if I ſwallow this wrong, let her thanke you:
The mony being paid ſir, I am gon:
Farewell, oh women happy's hee truſts none.

Miſt.Gall. Diſpatch him hence ſweete husband.

Maiſt.Gal. Yes deere wife: pray ſir come in, ere Maiſter
Thou ſhalt in wine drinke to him. (*Laxton* part

Exit Maiſter Gallipot *and his wife.*

Miſt.Gal. With all my heart; --- how doſt thou like my wit?

Lax. Rarely, that wile
By which the Serpent did the firſt woman beguile,
Did euer ſince, all womens boſomes fill;
Y'are apple eaters all, deceiuers ſtill. *Exit Laxton.*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue: Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir Adam Appleton, *at one dore, and* Trapdore *at another doore.*

Alex. Out with your tale Sir *Dauy*, to Sir *Adam*.
A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

Sir Da. Nay: if hee be a knaue ſir, hold him faſt.

Alex. Speake ſofrly, what egge is there hatching now.

Trap. A Ducks egge ſir, a ducke that has eaten a frog, I haue crackt the ſhell, and ſome villany or other will peep out preſently; the ducke that ſits is the bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girle my Miſtreſſe) the drake that muſt tread is your ſonne *Sebaſtian.*

Alex. Be quicke.

Trap. As the tongue of an oiſter wench.

Alex. And ſee thy newes be true.

Trap. As a barbars euery ſatterday night --- mad *Mol.*

Alex. Ah.

Trap. Muſt be let in without knocking at your backe gate.

Alex. So.

Trap. Your chamber will be made baudy.

Alex. Good.

Trap. Shee comes in a ſhirt of male.

Alex. How ſhirt of male?

Trap. Yes ſir or a male ſhirt, that's to ſay in mans apparell.

Alex. To my ſonne.

Trap. Cloſe to your ſonne: your ſonne and her Moone will be in coniunction, if all Alminacks lie not, her blacke ſaueguard is turned into a deepe ſloppe, the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her waſtcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient ſeate of a codpice, and you ſhall take 'em both with ſtanding collers.

Alex. Art ſure of this?

Trap. As euery throng is ſure of a pick-pocket, as ſure as a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas* Tearme, and of the pox after the Tearme.

Alex. The time of their tilting?

Trap. Three.

Alex. The day?

Trap. This.

Alex. Away ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the diuell doth for the death of a baud, I'le watch her, do you catch her.

Alex. Shee's faſt: heere weaue thou the nets; harke,

Trap. They are made. (maintain't.

Alex. I told them thou didſt owe mee money; hold it vp:

Trap. Stifly; as a Puritan does contention,

Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfepenny halter.

Alex. Thou ſhalt be hang'd in't ere thou ſcape ſo.

Varlet I'le make thee looke through a grate.

Trap. I'le do't preſently, through a Tauerne grate, drawer: piſh. *Exit Trapdore*

Adam. Has the knaue vext you ſir?

Alex. Askt him my mony,

He ſweares my ſonne receiu'd it: oh that boy

Will

Will nere leaue heaping ſorrowes on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.
Adam. Is he ſtill wild?
Alex. As is a ruffian Beare.
Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage.
Alex. Worſe ſtill and worſe,
He laies on me his ſhame, I on him my curſe.
S. Dauy. My ſonnne *Iacke Dapper* then ſhall run with him,
All in one paſture.
Adam. Proues your ſonne bad too ſir?
S. Dauy. As villany can make him: your *Sebaſtian*
Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thouſand,
A noyſe of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,
Dyce, and a water ſpaniell with a Ducke: oh,
Bring him a bed with theſe, when his purſe gingles,
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,
(Beaſts *Adam* nere gaue name to) theſe horſe-leeches ſucke
My ſonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on ſmoake.
Alex. Tobacco?
S. Dauy. Right, but I haue in my braine
A windmill going that ſhall grind to duſt
The follies of my ſonne, and make him wiſe,
Or a ſtarke foole; pray lend me your aduiſe.
Both. That ſhall you good ſir *Dauy.*
S. Dauy. Heere's the ſprindge
I ha ſet to catch this woodcocke in: an action
In a falſe name (vnknowne to him) is entred
I'th Counter to arreſt *Iacke Dapper.*
Both. Ha, ha, he.
S. Dauy. Thinke you the Counter cannot breake him?
Adam. Breake him?
Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.
S. Dauy. I'le make him ſing a Counter tenor ſure.
Adam. No way to tame him like it, there hee ſhall learne
What mony is indeed, and how to ſpend it.

S.Dany. Hee's bridled there.
Alex. I, yet knowes not how to mend it,
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere
There for there wit then any where; a Counter
Why 'tis an vniuerſity, who not ſees?
As ſchollers there, ſo heere men take degrees,
And follow the ſame ſtudies (all alike.)
Schollers learne firſt Logicke and Rhetoricke.
So does a priſoner; with fine honied ſpeech
At's firſt comming in he doth perſwade, beſeech,
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy;
To lie in a cleane chamber, in ſheets not lowſy,
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By ſubtile Logicke, and quaint ſophiſtry,
To make the keepers truſt him.
Adam. Say they do.
Alex. Then hee's a graduate.
S.Dany. Say they truſt him not,
Alex. Then is he held a freſhman and a ſot,
And neuer ſhall commence, but being ſtill bar'd
Be expulſt from the Maiſters ſide, toth' twopenny ward,
Or elſe i'th hole, beg plac't.
Adam. When then I pray proceeds a priſoner.
Alex. When mony being the theame,
He can diſpute with his hard creditors hearts,
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maiſter of Arts;
Sir *Dany* ſend your ſonne to Woodſtreet Colledge,
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.
S.Dany. There Gallants ſtudy hard.
Alex. True; to get mony.
S.Dany. 'lies bith' heeles i'faith, thankes, thankes, I ha ſent
For a couple of beares ſhall paw him.

Enter Seriant Curtilax *and Yeoman* Hanger.

Adam. Who comes yonder?

S.Dany

S.Dauy. They looke like puttocks, these ſhould be they.

Alex. I know 'em, they are officers, ſir wee'l leaue you.

S.Dauy. My good knights.
Leaue me, you ſee I'me haunted now with ſpirits.

Both. Fare you well ſir. *Exeunt Alex. and Adam.*

Curt. This old muzzle chops ſhould be he
By the fellowes diſcription: Saue you ſir.

S.Dauy. Come hither you mad varlets, did not my man tell you I watcht here for you.

Curt. One in a blew coate ſir told vs, that in this place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for euery wicked member in a Citty.

S.Dauy. You'l watch then for ten thouſand, what's thy name honeſty?

Curt. Seriant *Curtilax* I ſir.

S.Dauy. An excellent name for a Seriant, *Curtilax.*
Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,
Should not you cut them; Cittizens were orethrowne,
Thou dwel'ſt hereby in Holborne *Curtilax.*

Curt. That's my circuit ſir, I coniure moſt in that circle.

S.Dauy. And what yong toward welp is this?

Hang. Of the ſame litter, his yeoman ſir, my name's *Hanger.*

S.Dauy. Yeoman *Hanger.*
One paire of ſheeres ſure cut out both your coates,
You haue two names moſt dangerous to mens throates,
You two are villanous loades on Gentlemens backs,
Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax.*

Curt. We are as other men are ſir, I cannot ſee but hee who makes a ſhow of honeſty and religion, if his clawes can faſten to his liking, he drawes bloud; all that liue in the world, are but great fiſh and little fiſh, and feede vpon one another, ſome eate vp whole men, a Seriant cares but for the ſhoulder of a man, they call vs knaues and curres, but many times hee that ſets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then we do in ſeuen.

S.Dauy. Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the action entred?

Hang. His name is entred in the booke of vnbeleeuers.

S.Dauy.

S.Dauy. What booke's that?

Curt. The booke where all priſoners names ſtand, and not one amongſt forty, when he comes in, beleeues to come out in haſt.

S.Da. Be as dogged to him as your office allowes you to be.

Both. Oh ſir.

S.Dauy. You know the vnthrift *Iacke Dapper.*

Curt. I, I, ſir, that Gull? aſwell as I know my yeoman.

S.Dauy. And you know his father too, *Sir Dauy Dapper?*

Curt. As damn'd a vſurer as euer was among Iewes; if hee were ſure his fathers skinne would yeeld him any moucy, hee would when he dyes flea it off, and ſell it to couer drummes for children at Bartholmew faire.

S.Dauy. What toades are theſe to ſpit poyſon on a man to his face? doe you ſee (my honeſt raſcals?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne *Iacke Dapper* will ſally ſa, ſa; giue the counter, on, ſet vpon him.

Both. Wee'l charge him vppo'th backe ſir.

S.Dauy. Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerſe your ground.

Both. Braue ſir.

S.Dauy. Cry arme, arme, arme.

Both. Thus ſir.

S.Dauy. There boy, there boy, away: looke to your prey my trew Engliſh wolues, and and ſo I vaniſh. *Exit S.Dauy*

Curt. Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow vpon my life, ſtand cloſe.

Hang. Shall the ambuſcado lie in one place?

Curt. No vooke thou yonder. *Enter* Mol *and* Trapdore.

Mol. Ralph.

Trap. What ſayes my braue Captaine male and female?

Mol. This Holborne is ſuch a wrangling ſtreete,

Trap. That's becauſe Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

Mol. Heere's ſuch iuſtling, as if euery one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

Trap. Stand Miſtreſſe do you not ſmell carrion?

Mol. Carryon? no, yet I ſpy rauens.

Trap.

Trap. Some poore winde-ſhaken gallant will anon fall into ſore labour, and theſe men-midwiues muſt bring him to bed i'the counter, there all thoſe that are great with child with debts, lie in.

Mol. Stand vp.

Trap. Like your new maypoll.

Hang. Whiſt,whew.

Curt. Hump,no.

Mol. Peeping?it ſhall go hard huntſmen, but I'le ſpoyle your game,they looke for all the world like two infected maltmen comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a froſty morning to London.

Trap. A courſe,Captaine,a beare comes to the ſtake.

Enter Iacke Dapper and Gul.

Mol. It ſhould bee ſo, for the dogges ſtruggle to bee let looſe.

Hang. Whew. *Curt.* Hemp.

Moll. Harke *Trapdore*, follow your leader.

Iacke Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maiſter.

Iacke Dap. Did'ſt euer ſee ſuch an aſſe as I am boy?

Gul. No by my troth ſir, to looſe all your mony, yet haue falſe dice of your owne, why 'tis as I ſaw a great fellow vſed t'other day, he had a faire ſword and buckler,and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

Both. Honeſt Serieant fly, flie Maiſter *Dapper* you'l be arreſted elſe.

Iacke Dap. Run *Gul* and draw.

Gul. Run Maiſter, *Gull* followes you.

Exit Dapper and Gull.

Curt. I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

Mol. Whores then are like Serieants,ſo now hang you,draw rogue, but ſtrike not: for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

Curt. You ſhall pay for this reſcue, runne downe ſhoelane and meete him.

Trap. Shu, is this a reſcue Gentlemen or no?
Mol. Reſcue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away,
I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,
If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,
Send but for *Mol*, ſhe'll baile him by theſe hands. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue *ſolus.*

Alex. Vnahppy in the follies of a ſonne,
Led againſt iudgement, ſence, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleneſſe and wit; *Enter Trapdore*
Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will ſhe come?
Trap. In mans apparell ſir, I am in her heart now,
And ſhare in all her ſecrets.
Alex. Peace, peace, peace.
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in ſight,
That I may ſee her hang in Engliſh for't.
Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Seſſions rids her ſir,
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred conſtables.
Alex. Good *Trapdore* ſaiſt thou ſo, thou cheer'ſt my heart
After a ſtorme of ſorrow, —— my gold chaine too,
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.
Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light ſir.
And worth a thouſand of your Headborowes Ianthornes.
Alex. Place that a'the Court cubbart, let it lie
Full in the veiw of her theefe-whooriſh eie.
Trap. Shee cannot miſſe it ſir, I ſee't ſo plaine, that I could
ſteal't my ſelfe.
Alex. Perhaps thou ſhalt too,
That or ſomething as weighty; what ſhee leaues,
Thou ſhalt come cloſely in, and filch away,
And all the weight vpon her backe I'le lay.
Trap. You cannot aſſure that ſir.
Alex. No, what lets it?
Trap. Being a ſtout girle, perhaps ſhee'l deſire preſſing,
Then all the weight muſt ly vpon her belly.
Alex. Belly or backe I care not ſo I'ue one.

Trap.

Trap. You'r of my minde for that ſir.

Alex. Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond at it,
It may be ſhee'l like that beſt.

Trap. It's well for her, that ſhee muſt haue her choice, hee thinkes nothing too good for her, if you hold on this minde a little longer, it ſhall bee the firſt worke I doe to turne theefe my ſelfe; would do a man good to be hang'd when he is ſo wel prouided for.

Alex. So, well ſayd; all haugs well, would ſhee hung ſo too,
The ſight would pleaſe me more, then all their gilſterings:
Oh that my myſteries to ſuch ſtreights ſhould runne,
That I muſt rob my ſelfe to bleſſe my ſonne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sebaſtian, *with* Mary Fitz-Allard *like a page, and* Mol.

Seb. Thou haſt done me a kind office, without touch
Either of ſinne or ſhame, our loues are honeſt.

Mol. I'de ſcorne to make ſuch ſhift to bring you together elſe.

Seb. Now haue I time and opportunity
Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kiſſe.*

Mary. Neuer with more deſire and harder venture.

Mol. How ſtrange this ſhewes one man to kiſſe another.

Seb. I'de kiſſe ſuch men to chuſe *Moll*,
Me thinkes a womans lip taſts well in a dublet.

Mol. Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whoſe breathes grew ſtale before the faſhion came,
If that will help 'em, as you thinke 't will do,
They'l learne in time to plucke on the hoſe too.

Seb. The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I ſpeake ſeriouſly,
As ſome haue a conceit their drinke taſts better
In an outlandiſh cup then in our owne,
So me thinkes euery kiſſe ſhe giues me now
In this ſtrange forme, is worth a paire of two,
Here we are ſafe, and furtheſt from the eie
Of all ſuſpicion, this is my fathets chamber,
Vpon which floore he neuer ſteps till night.
Here he miſtruſts me not, nor I his comming,

At mine owne chamber he ſtill pries vnto me,
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,
Still checkt and curb'd, here he ſhall miſſe his purpoſe.
Mol. And what's your buſineſſe now, you haue your mind ſir;
At your great ſuite I promiſd you to come,
I pittied her for names ſake, that a *Moll*
Should be ſo croſt in loue, when there's ſo many,
That owes nine layes a peece, and not ſo little:
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke?
Seb. So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpoſe,
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,
And muſt liue ſtill beholding.
Mol. Any honeſt pitty
I'me willing to beſtow vpon poore Ring-doues.
Seb. I'le offer no worſe play.
Moll. Nay and you ſhould ſir,
I ſhould draw firſt and prooue the quicker man,
Seb. Hold, there ſhall neede no weapon at this meeting,
But cauſe thou ſhalt not looſe thy fury idle,
Heere take this viall, runne vpon the guts,
And end thy quarrell ſinging.
Mol. Like a ſwan aboue bridge,
For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.
Seb. Hold on ſweete *Mol.*
Mary. I'ue heard her much commended ſir, for one that was nere raught.
Mol. I'me much beholding to 'em, well ſince you'l needes put vs together ſir, I'le play my part as wel as I can: it ſhall nere be ſaid I came into a Gentlemans chamber, and let his inſtrument hang by the walls.
Seb. Why well ſaid *Mol* i'faith, it had bene a ſhame for that Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung ſtill, and nere offred thee it.
Mol. There it ſhould haue bene ſtil then for *Mol*, for though the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that chamber yet, where I tooke downe the inſtrument my ſelfe.
Seb. Piſh let 'em prate abroad, th'art heere where thou art knowne.

knowne and lou'd, there be a thouſand cloſe dames that wil cal the viall an vnmannerly inſtrument for a woman, and therefore talke broadly of thee, when you ſhall haue them ſit wider to a worſe quality.

Mol. Puſh, I euer fall a ſleepe and thinke not of 'em ſir, and thus I dreame.

Seb. Prithee let's heare thy dreame *Mol.*

Mol. *I dreame there is a Miſtreſſe,*
And ſhe layes out the money, The ſong.
Shee goes vnto her Siſters,
Shee neuer comes at any.
Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them
Shee ſayes ſhee went to'th Burſſe for patternes,
You ſhall finde her at Saint Katherns,
And comes home with neuer a penny.

Seb. That's a free Miſtreſſe 'faith.

Alex. I, I, I, like her that ſings it, one of thine own chooſing.

Mol. Bnt ſhall I dreame againe?

Here comes a wench will braue ye,
Her courage was ſo great,
Shee lay with one o'the Nauy,
Her husband lying i'the Fleet.
Yet oft with him ſhe cauol'd,
I wonder what ſhee ailes,
Her husbands ſhip lay grauel'd,
When her's could hoyſe vp ſailes,
Yet ſhee begaune like all my foes,
To call whoore firſt: for ſo do thoſe,
A pox of all falſe tayles.

Seb. Marry amen ſay I.

Alex. So ſay I too.

Mol. Hang vp the viall now ſir: all this while I was in a dreame, one ſhall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

Alex. Now, now, ſhee's trapt.

Moll. Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a muſitian are coſſen Germanes in one thing, they muſt both keepe time well, or there's no goodneſſe in 'em, the one elſe deſerues to be daſht againſt a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle caſe, what? a looſe chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now,
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To looke twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eele in a ſandbag,
Oh if mens ſecret youthfull faults ſhould iudge 'em,
'Twould be the general'ſt execution,
That ere was ſeene in England; there would bee but few left to ſing the ballets, there would be ſo much worke: moſt of our brokers would be choſen for hangmen, a good day for them: they might renew their wardrops of free coſt then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench muſt do vs good.

Mary. No poyſon ſir but ſerues vs for ſome vſe, which is confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace, foot I did here him ſure, where ere he be.

Mol. Who did you heare?

Seb. My father, 'twas like a ſight of his, I muſt be wary,

Alex. No wilt not be, am I alone ſo wretched
That nothing takes? I'le put him to his plundge for't.

Seb. Life, heere he comes, --- ſir I beſeech you take it,
Your way of teaching does ſo much content me,
I'le make it foure pound, here's forty ſhillings ſir.
I thinke I name it right: helpe me good *Mol*,
Forty in hand.

Mol. Sir you ſhall pardon me,
I haue more of the meaneſt ſcholler I can teach,
This paies me more, then you haue offred yet.

Seb. At the next quarter
When I receiue the meanes my father 'lowes me.
You ſhall haue tother forty,

Alex. This were well now,
Wer't to a man, whoſe ſorrowes had blind eies,

But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,
With two cleere glaſſes —— how now?

Seb. Sir.

Alex. What's he there?

Seb. You'r come in good time ſir, I'ue a ſuite to you,
I'de craue your preſent kindneſſe.

Alex. What is he there?

Seb. A Gentleman, a muſitian ſir, one of excellent fingring.

Alex. I, I thinke ſo, I wonder how they ſcapt her.

Seb. Has the moſt delicat ſtroake ſir.

Alex. A ſtroake indeed, I k[illegible]e it at my heart,

Seb. Puts downe all your famous muſitians.

Alex. I, a whoore may put downe a hundred of 'em.

Seb. Forty ſhillings is the agrement ſir betweene vs,
Now ſir, my preſent meanes, mounts but to halfe on't.

Alex. And he ſtands vpon the whole.

Seb. I indeed does he ſir.

Alex. And will doe ſtill, hee'l nere be in other taile,

Seb. Therefore I'de ſtop his mouth ſir, and I could,

Alex. Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, ſhame muſt needs ſucceed.
Now ſir I vnderſtand you profeſſe muſique.

Mol. I am a poore ſeruant to that liberall ſcience ſir.

Alex. Where is it you teach?

Mol. Right againſt Cliffords Inne.

Alex. Hum that's a fit place for it: you haue many ſchollers.

Mol. And ſome of worth, whom I may call my maiſters.

Alex. I true, a company of whooremaiſters; you teach to ſing too?

Mol. Marry do I ſir.

Alex. I thinke you'l finde an apt ſcholler of my ſonne, eſpecially for pricke-ſong.

Mol. I haue much hope of him.

Alex. I am ſory for't, I haue the leſſe for that: you can play any leſſon.

Mol. At firſt ſight ſir.

Alex. There's a thing called the witch, can you play that?

Mol.

Mol. I would be ſory any one ſhould mend me in't.

Alex. I, I beleeue thee, thou haſt ſo bewitcht my ſonne,
No care will mend the worke that thou haſt done,
I haue bethought my ſelfe ſince my art failes,
I'le make her pollicy the Art to trap her.
Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them
Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,
Theſe will I make induction to her ruine,
And rid ſhame from my houſe, griefe from my heart
Here ſonne, in what you take content and pleaſure,
Want ſhall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman
His latter halfe in gold.

Seb. I thanke you ſir.

Alex. Oh may the operation an't, end three,
In her, life: ſhame, in him; and griefe, in mee. *Exit Alexander.*

Seb. Faith thou ſhalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers guiſt,
Neuer was man beguild with better ſhift.

Mol. Hee that can take mee for a male muſitian,
I cannot chooſe but make him my inſtrument,
And play vpon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Miſtreſſe Gallipot, *and Miſtreſſe* Openworke.

Mi.Gal. Is then that bird of yours (Maiſter *Goſhawke*) ſo wild?

Miſt.Open. A Goſhawke, a Puttocke; all for prey: he angles for fiſh, but he loues fleſh better.

Miſt.Gal. Is't poſſible his ſmoth face ſhould haue wrinckles in't, and we not ſee them?

Miſt.Open. Poſſible? why haue not many handſome leggues in ſilke ſtockins villanous ſplay feete for all their great roſes?

Miſt.Gal. Troth ſirra thou ſaiſt true.

Miſt.Op. Didſt neuer ſee an archer (as tho'aſt walkt by Bunhill) looke a ſquint when he drew his bow?

Miſt.Gal. Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward Iſlington, his eyes haue ſhot cleane contrary towards Pimlico.

Miſt.Open. For all the world ſo does Maiſter *Goſhawke* double with me.

Miſt.Gal.

Miſt.Gal. Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's not for me.

Miſt.Open. Becauſe *Goſhawke* goes in a ſhag-ruffe band, with a face ſticking vp in't, which ſhowes like an aggot ſet in a crampe ring, he thinkes I'me in loue with him.

Miſt.Gal. 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amiſſe in thee.

Miſt.Open. He has by often beating into me made mee beleeue that my husband kept a whore.

Miſt.Gal. Very good.

Miſt.Open. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at *Brainford*, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

Miſt.Gal. That were wholeſome.

Miſt.Open. I beleeu'd it, fell a ſwearing at him, curſſing of harlots, made me ready to hoyſe vp ſaile, and be there as ſoone as hee.

Miſt.Gal. So, ſo.

Miſt.Open. And for that voyage *Goſhawke* comes hither incontinently, but ſirra this water-ſpaniell diues after no ducke but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Brainford* to make mee cry quack.

Miſt.Gall. Art ſure of it?

Miſt.Open. Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came in as I was poking my ruffe, preſently hit I him i'the teeth with the three pidgions: he forſwore all, I vp and opened all, and now ſtands he (in a ſhop hard by) like a muſket on a reſt, to hit *Goſhawke* i'the eie, when he comes to fetch me to the boate.

Miſt.Gal. Such another lame Gelding offered to carry mee through thicke and thinne, (*Laxton* ſirra) but I am ridd of him now.

Miſt.Open. Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all; 'las what are your whiſking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.

Miſt.Gall. Troth meere ſhallow things.

Miſt.Open. Idle ſimple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run ouer vs neuer ſo faſt, we ſhop-keepers (when all's done) are ſure to haue 'em in our purſnets at length, and when they are in, Lord what ſimple animalls they are.

Miſt.Open. Then they hang head.

Miſt.Gal. Then they droupe.

Miſt.Open. Then they write letters.

Miſt.Gal. Then they cogge.

Miſt.Open. Then they deale vnder hand with vs, and wee muſt ingle with our husbands a bed, and wee muſt ſweare they are our coſens, and able to do vs a pleaſure at Court.

Miſt.Gal. And yet when wee haue done our beſt, al's but put into a riuen diſh, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

Miſt.Open. Oh if it were the good Lords will, there were a law made, no Cittizen ſhould truſt any of 'em all.

Enter Goſhawke.

Miſt. Gal. Huſh ſirra, *Goſhawke* flutters.

Goſh. How now, are you ready?

Miſt.Open. Nay are you ready? a little thing you ſee makes vs ready.

Goſh. Vs? whA, muſt ſhee make one i'the voiage?

Miſt.Open. Oh by any meanes, do I know how my husband will handle mee?

Goſh. 'Foot, how ſhall I find water, to keepe theſe two mils going? Well ſince you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I ſayle not with you both till all ſplit, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee; it's but lickering them both ſoundly, & then you ſhall ſee their corke heeles flie vp high, like two ſwannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgions: come, come, oares ſtand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with thoſe falſe faces, blow winds and thou ſhalt take thy husband, caſting out his net to catch freſh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

Miſt.Gal. I beleeue you'l eate of a coddes head of your owne dreſſing, before you reach halfe way thither.

Goſh. So, ſo, follow cloſe, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Do you heare?

Miſt.Gal. Yes, I thanke my eares.

Lax. I muſt haue a bout with your Poticariſhip.

Miſt.Gal. At what weapon?

Lax.

Lax. I muſt ſpeake with you. *Miſt.Gal.* No.

Lax No? you ſhall.

Miſt.Gal. Shall? away ſouſt Sturgion, halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh.

Lax. 'Faith gib, are you ſpitting, I'le cut your tayle puſcat for this.

Miſt.Gal. 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's cut already: your worſt;

Lax. If I do not, ——— *Exit Laxton.*

Goſh. Come, ha'you done? *Enter* Maiſter Openworke. welcome, Sfoote *Roſamond*, your husband.

Maiſt.Open. How now? ſweete Maiſt. *Goſhawke*, none more I haue wanted your embracements: when friends meete, The muſique of the ſpheares ſounds not more ſweete, Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Roſamond*: Wife: how now ſiſter?

Goſh. Silence if you loue mee.

Maiſt.Open. Why maskt?

Miſt. Open. Does a maske gricue you ſir?

Maiſt.Open. It does.

Miſt.Open. Then y'are beſt get you a mumming.

Goſh. S'foote you'l ſpoyle all.

Miſt.Gall. May not wee couer our bare faces with maskes As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?

Ma.Op. No maskes, why, th'are theeues to beauty, that rob Of admiration in which true loue lies, (eies Why are maskes worne? why good? or why deſired? Vnleſſe by their gay couers wits are fiered To read the vild'ſt lookes; many bad faces, (Becauſe rich gemmes are treaſured vp in caſes) Paſſe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues Dambe miſers Gold, ſo maskes are beauties graues, Men nere meete women with ſuch muffled eies, But they curſe her, that firſt did maskes deuiſe, And ſweare it was ſome beldame. Come off with't.

Miſt. Open. I will not.

Maiſt.Open. Good faces maskt are Iewels kept by ſpirits. Hide none but bad ones, for they poyſon mens ſights,

Show then as ſhop-keepers do their broidred ſtuffe,
(By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
Prithee (ſweete Roſe) come ſtrike this ſayle.
Miſt.Open. Saile? (eyes:
Maiſt.Op. Ha? yes wife ſtrike ſaile, for ſtormes are in thine
Miſt.Open. Th'are here ſir in my browes if any rife.
Maiſt.Open. Ha browes? (what ſayes ſhe friend) pray tel me
Your two flagges were aduaunſt; the Comedy, (why
Come what's the Comedy?
Miſt.Open. Weſtward hoe.
Maiſt.Open. How?
Miſt.Open. 'Tis Weſtward hoe ſhee ſaies.
Goſh. Are you both madde?
Miſt.Open. Is't Market day at *Braineford*, and your ware not ſent vp yet?
Maiſt.Open. What market day? what ware?
Miſt.Open. A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis drawne and ſtaies your cutting vp.
Goſh. As you regard my credit.
Maiſt.Open. Art madde?
Miſt.Open. Yes letcherous goate; Baboone.
Maiſt. Open. Baboone? then toſſe mee in a blancket,
Miſt.Open. Do I it well? *Miſt.Gall.* Rarely.
Goſh. Belike ſir ſhee's not well; beſt leaue her.
Maiſt.Open. No,
I'le ſtand the ſtorme now how fierce ſo ere it blow.
Miſt.Open. Did I for this looſe all my friends? refuſe
Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
A ſtale to a common whore?
Maiſt.Open. This does amaze mee.
Miſt. Open. Oh God, oh God, feede at reuerſion now?
A Strumpets leauing? *Maiſt.Open.* Roſamond,
Goſh. I ſweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.
Miſt.Open. Thou haſt ſtruck ten thouſand daggers through my heart.
Maiſt.Open. Not I by heauen ſweete wife. (thee
Miſt.Open. Go diuel go; that which thou ſwear'ſt by, damnes
Goſh.

Gosh. S'heart will you vndo mee?

Mist.Open. Why ſtay you heere? the ſtarre, by which you ſaile, ſhines yonder aboue *Chelſy*; you looſe your ſhore if this moone light you: ſeeke out your light whore.

Maiſt.Open. Ha?

Miſt.Gal. Puſh; your Weſterne pug.

Gosh. Zounds now hell roares.

Mist.Open. With whom you tilted in a paire of oares, this very morning.

Maiſt.Open. Oares? *Mist.Open.* At *Brainford* ſir.

Maiſt.Open. Racke not my patience: Maiſter *Goshawke*, ſome ſlaue has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in *Brainford* with a woman? 'tis a lie: What old baud tels thee this? S'death 'tis a lie.

Mist.Open. 'Tis one to thy face ſhall iuſtify all that I ſpeake.

Maiſt.Open. Vd'ſoule do but name that raſcall.

Mist.Open. No ſir I will not.

Gosh. Keepe thee there girle: — then!

Mist.Open. Siſter know you this varlet? *Miſt.Gall.* Yes.

Maiſt.Open. Sweare true,
Is there a rogue ſo low damn'd? a ſecond *Iudas*? a common hangman? cutting a mans throate? does it to his face? bite mee behind my backe? a cur dog? ſweare if you know this hell-hound.

Miſt.Gall. In truth I do,

Maiſt.Open. His name?

Miſt.Gall. Not for the world;
To haue you to ſtab him.

Gosh. Oh braue girles: worth Gold.

Maiſt.Open. A word honeſt maiſter *Goshawke*.

Draw out his ſword

Gosh. What do you meane ſir?

Maiſt.Open. Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to this new fury, holla it through my eare, or wrap it vp in ſome hid character: I'le ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine eies, but I'le heare the brazen head ſpeak: or elſe ſhew me but one haire of his head or beard, that I may ſample it; if the fiend I meet (in myne owne houſe) I'le kill him: — the ſtreete.

Or at the Church dore: --- there -- (cauſe he ſeekes to vnty
The knot God faſtens) he deſerues moſt to dy.
Miſt.Open. My husband titles him.
Maiſt.Open. Maiſter *Goſhawke*, pray ſir
Sweare to me, that you know him or know him not, (wiues,
Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote beſide my
Goſh. By heauen that man I know not.
Miſt.Open. Come, come, you lie.
Goſh. Will you not haue all out?
By heauen I know no man beneath the moon
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
I'de print it in text letters.
Miſt.Open. Print thine owne then,
Did'ſt not thou ſweare to me he kept his whoore?
Miſt.Gal. And that in ſinfull *Brainford* they would commit
That which our lips did water at ſir, -- ha?
Miſt.Open. Thou ſpider, that haſt wouen thy cunning web
In mine owne houſe t'inſnare me: haſt not thou
Suck't nouriſhment euen vnderneath this roofe,
And turned it all to poyſon? ſpittiug it,
On thy friends face (my husband?) he as t'were ſleeping:
Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,
That they might glance on thee.
Miſt.Gal. Speake, are theſe lies?
Goſh. Mine owne ſhame me confounds:
Miſt.Open. No more, hee's ſtung;
Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell
Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)
Goodneſſe I ſee is but outſide, wee all ſet,
In rings of Gold; ſtones that be counterfet:
I thought you none.
Goſh. Pardon mee.
Maiſt.Open. Truth I doe.
This blemiſh growes in nature not in you,
For mans creation ſticke euen moles in ſcorne
On faireſt cheeks, wife nothing is perfect borne.
Miſt.Open. I thought you had bene borne perfect.

Maiſt.Open.

Maiſt.Open. What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old chore ſtill.
I'le tell you Maiſter *Goſhawke*, I in your eie
I haue ſeene wanton fire, and then to try
The ſoundneſſe of my iudgement, I told you
I kept a whoore, made you beleeue 'twas true,
Onely to feele how your pulſe beate, but find,
The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.
Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,
This rub put by, our loue ſhall runne more euen.
Miſt.Open. You'l deale vpon mens wiues no more?
Goſh. No:---- you teach me a tricke for that.
Miſt.Open. Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.
Mai.Open. Make my houſe yours ſir ſtill.
Goſh. No.
Maiſt.Open. I ſay you ſhall:
Seeing (thus beſieg'd) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

Enter Maiſter Gallipot, *and* Greenewit *like a Somner*, Laxton *muffled a loofe off.*

Omnes How now?
Maiſt.Gall. With mee ſir?
Greene. You ſir? I haue gon ſnaffling vp and downe by your dore this houre to watch for you.
Miſt.Gall. What's the matter husband?
Greene.---- I haue caught a cold in my head ſir, by ſitting vp late in the roſe tauerne, but I hope you vnderſtand my ſpeech.
Maiſt.Gal. So ſir.
Greene. I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Craſtino*, doe you ſee, *Craſtino ſancti Dunſtani* (this *Eaſter* Tearme) in Bow Church.
Maiſt.Gall. Where ſir? what ſaies he?
Greene. Bow: Bow Church, to anſwere to a libel of precontract on the part and behalfe of the ſaid *Prudence* and another; y'are beſt ſir take a coppy of the citation, 'tis but twelue pence.

Omnes

Comes A Citation?

Maiſt.Gal. You pocky-noſed raſcall, what ſlaue fees you to this?

Lax. Slaue? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare ſir?

Goſh. *Laxton* iſt not? --- what fagary is this?

Maiſt.Gal. Truſt me I thought ſir this ſtorme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the laſt fifteene pound, beſides the thirty you had firſt,--- for then you ſwore.

Lax. Tuſh, tuſh ſir, oathes,
Truth yet I'me loth to vexe you, -- tell you what;
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.

Maiſt.Gall. An hundred pound?

Miſt.Gal. What a 100 pound? he gets none: what a 100 pound?

Maiſt.Gal. Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman offers thus,
If I will make the monyes that are paſt
A 100 pound, he will diſcharge all courts,
And giue his bond neuer to vexe vs more.

Miſt.Gal. A 100 pound? 'Las; take ſir but threeſcore,
Do you ſeeke my vndoing?

Lax. I'le not bate one ſixpence, --- I'le mall you puſſe for ſpitting.

Miſt.Gal. Do thy worſt,
Will foureſcore ſtop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Miſt. Gal. Y'are a ſlaue,
Thou Cheate, I'le now teare mony from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

Greene. Nay Gentlemen, ſeeing your woemen are ſo hote, I muſt looſe my haire in their company I ſee.

Miſt.Ope. His haire ſheds off, and yet he ſpeaks not ſo much in the noſe as he did before.

Goſh. He has had the better Chirurgion, Maiſter *Greenewit*, is your wit ſo raw as to play no better a part then a Somners?

Maiſt.Gal. I pray who playes a knacke to know an honeſt man in this company?

Miſt.Gal.

Miſt.Gall. Deere husband,pardon me,I did diſſemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound,
I had no ſhift but that.

Maiſt.Gal. A very cleane ſhift : but able to make mee lowſy, On.

Miſt.Gal. Husband,I pluck'd(when he had tempted mee to thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him flie more lofty. *Maiſt.Gall.* A'the top of you wife: on.

Miſt.Gal. He hauing waſted them,comes now for more,
Vſing me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whoſe ſinne keepes him in breath:by heauen I vow,
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd,more then he does now.

Maiſt.Gal. My bed?ha,ha, like enough, a ſhop-boord will ſerue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon: of that wee'l talke hereafter: y'are a villaine.

Lax. Heare mee but ſpeake ſir, you ſhall finde mee none.

Omnes Pray ſir,be patient and heare him.

Maiſt.Gal. I am muzzled for biting ſir,vſe me how you will.

Lax. The firſt howre that your wife was in my eye,
My ſelfe with other Gentlemen ſitting by,
(In your ſhop) taſting ſmoake, and ſpeech being vſed,
That men who haue faireſt wiues are moſt abuſed,
And hardly ſcapt the horne, your wife maintain'd
That onely ſuch ſpots in Cirty dames were ſtain'd,
Iuſtly,but by mens ſlanders:for her owne part,
Shee vow'd that you had ſo much of her heart;
No man by all his wit,by any wile,
Neuer ſo fine ſpunne,ſhould your ſelfe beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Maiſt.Gal. Yet *Prw* 'tis well: play out your game at Iriſh ſir: Who winnes?

Miſt.Open. The triall is when ſhee comes to bearing:

Lax. I ſcorn'd one woman,thus,ſhould braue all men,
And (which more vext me) a ſhee-citizen.
Therefore I laid ſiege to her, out ſhe held,
Gaue many a braue repulſe,and me compel'd

With ſhame to ſound retrait to my hot luſt,
Then ſeeing all baſe deſires rak'd vp in duſt,
And that to tempt her modeſt eares, I ſwore
Nere to preſumne againe: ſhe ſaid, her eie
Would euer giue me welcome honeſtly,
And (ſince I was a Gentlman) if it runne low,
Shee would my ſtate relieue, not to o'rethrow
Your owne and hers: did ſo; then ſeeing I wrought
Vpon her meekeneſſe, mee ſhe ſet at nought,
And yet to try if I could turne that tide,
You ſee what ſtreame I ſtroue with, but ſir I ſweare
By heauen, and by thoſe hopes men lay vp there,
I neither haue, nor had a baſe intent
To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment:
Your Gold I pay backe with this intereſt,
When I had moſt power to do't I wreug'd you leaſt.

Maiſt. Gal. If this no gullery be ſir,

Omnes No, no, on my life,

Maiſt. Gal. Then ſir I am beholden (not to you wife)
But Maiſter *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,
Which it ſeemes you haue not Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Maiſt. Open. Brother, we haue a ieſt,
As good as yours to furniſh out a feaſt.

Maiſt. Gal. Wee'l crowne our table with it: wife brag no more,
Of holding out: who moſt brags is moſt whore. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Iacke Dapper, Moll, *Sir* Beautious Ganymed,
and Sir Thomas Long.

Iacke Dap. But prethee Maiſter Captaine *Iacke* be plaine and perſpicuous with mee; was it your *Megge* of Weſtminſters courage, that reſcued mee from the Poultry puttockes indeed.

Mol. The valour of my wit I enſure you ſir fetcht you off brauely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among thoſe deſperates, Sir *Bewtious Ganymed* here, and ſir *Thomas Long* heard that cuckoe (my man *Trapdore*) ſing the note of your ranſome

ranſome from captiuty.

Sir Bewt. Vds ſo *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

Mol. Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Juſtice in this towne, (that ſpeakes nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vſed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes how, how?

Mol. Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I ſmelt the powder, ſpy'd what linſtocke gaue fire to ſhoote againſt the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyſt, & away ſlid I my man, like a ſhouell-board ſhilling, hee ſtroutes vp and downe the ſuburbes I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

T. Long. Sirra *Iacke Dapper.*

Iac. Dap. What ſai'ſt *Tom Long*?

T. Long. Thou hadſt a ſweet ſac't boy haile fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he ſpent?

Iack. Dap. Troth I whiſtled the poore little buzzard of a my fiſt, becauſe when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i'the teeth ſtill, and ſaid I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head. Sirra *Iacke*, *Mol.*

Mol. What ſaies my little *Dapper*?

Sir Bewt. Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

Iack. Dap. Mol and I'le be i'the midſt.

Mol. Theſe Knights ſhall haue ſquiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what ſay y ou?

Iack. Dap. Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne father (*Dapper*) *Sir Dauy*) laid theſe London boote-halers the catch poles in ambuſh to ſet vpon mee.

Omnes Your father? away *Iacke*.

Iack. Dap. By the taſſels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlicke ſtratageme thinke you? hee thought becauſe a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowſy priſon could make an aſſe of mee.

Omnes A naſty plot.

Iack. Dap. I: as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which

all the wilde beasts of the Citty run head by head could tame mee.

Enter the Lord Noland.

Moll. Yonder comes my Lord *Noland.*

Omnes Saue you my Lord.

L. Nol. Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Bewtious Ganymed*, Sir *Thomas Long?*, and how does Maister *Dapper?*

Iack. Dap. Thankes my Lord.

Mol. No Tobacco my Lord?

L. Nol. No faith *Iacke.*

Iack. Dap. My Lord *Noland* will you goe to Pimlico with vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes

L. Nol. Heeres such a merry ging, I could find in my heart to saile to the worlds end with such company, come Gentlemen let's on.

Iack. Dap. Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

Omnes Amorous weather. *They walke.*

Iac. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter Trapdore *like a poore Souldier with a patch o're one eie, and* Teare-Cat *with him, all tatters.*

Trap. Shall we set vpon the infantry, these troopes of foot? Zounds yonder comes *Mol* my whoorish Maister & Mistresse, wo'ld I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

Tear-Cat. I had rather haue a cow heele.

Trap. Zounds I am so patcht vp, she cannot discouer mee: wee'l on.

T. Cat. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the eares of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of siluer, as may giue a hard strawbed lodging to a couple of maim'd souldiers.

Iacke Dap. Where are you maim'd?

T. Cat.

T.Cat. In both our neather limbs.

Mol. Come, come, *Dapper*, lets giue 'em ſomething, las poore men, what mony haue you? by my troth I loue a ſouldier with my ſoule.

Sir Bewt. Stay, ſtay, where haue you ſeru'd?

T.Long. In any part of the Low countries?

Trap. Not in the Low countries, if it pleaſe your manhood, but in *Hungarie* againſt the *Turke* at the ſiedge of *Belgrad.*

L.Nol. Who ſeru'd there with you ſirra?

Trap. Many *Hungarians*, *Moldauians*, *Valachians*, and *Tranſiluanians*, with ſome *Sclauonians*, and retyring home ſir, the *Venetian* Gallies tooke vs priſoners, yet free'd vs, and ſuffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

Iack.Dap. You haue ambled all ouer *Italy* then.

Trap. Oh ſir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Uecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*, *Bolonia*, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuſcana*, with all her Cities, as *Piſtoia*, *Valteria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennois*, and diuerſe others.

Mol. Meere rogues, put ſpurres to 'em once more.

Iack.Dap. Thou look'ſt like a ſtrange creature, a fat butter-box, yet ſpeak'ſt Engliſh,
What art thou?

T.Cat. Ick mine Here. Ick bin den ruffling Teare-Cat,
Den braue Soldado, Ick bin dorick all Dutchlant.
Guereſen: Der Shellum das meere Ine Beaſa
Ine woert gach.
Ick ſlaag vm ſtroakes ou tom Cop:
Daſtick Den hundred touzun Diuell halle,
Frollick mine Here.

Sir Bewt. Here, here, let's be rid of their iobbering,

Moll. Not a croſſe *Sir Bewtious*, you baſe rogues, I haue taken meaſure of you, better then a taylor can, and I'le fit you, as you (monſter with one eie) haue fitted mee,

Trap. Your Worſhip will not abuſe a ſouldier.

Moll. Souldier? thou deſeru'ſt to bee hang'd vp by that tongue which diſhonours ſo noble a profeſſion, ſouldier you skeldering varlet? hold, ſtand, there ſhould be a trapdore here abouts. *Pull off his patch*

Trap. The balles of theſe glaſiers of mine (mine eyes) ſhall be ſhot vp and downe in any hot peece of ſeruice for my inuincible Miſtreſſe.

Iacke Dap. I did not thinke there had bene ſuch knauery in blacke patches as now I ſee.

Mol. Oh ſir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite like a Maſtiue, as hee finds occaſion.

L. Nol. What are you ſirra? a bird of this feather too.

T. Cut. A man beaten from the wars ſir.

T. Long. I thinke ſo, for you neuer ſtood to fight.

Iac. Dap. What's thy name fellow ſouldier?

T. Cut. I am cal'd by thoſe that haue ſeen my valour, *Tear-Cat.*

Omnes Teare-Cat?

Moll. A meere whip-Iacke, and that is in the Common-wealth of rogues, a ſlaue, that can talke of ſea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, diſcouer more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spaniſh, French, or Engliſh euer found out, yet indeed all his ſeruice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or ſome ſuch venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot ſirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

T. Cut. No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by ſight) I am no ſuch nipping Chriſtian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confeſſe, and meeting with honeſt *Trapdore* here, whom you had caſhierd from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I inſtructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him ſaile ouer any Country you can name, ſo that now he can maunder better then my ſelfe.

Iack. Dap. So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd ſouldier now.

Trap. Alas ſir, now there's no warres, 'tis the ſafeſt courſe of life I could take.

Mol. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you ſirra

ſirra are an vpright man.

Trap. As any walkes the hygh way I aſſure you.

Mol. And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

T.Cat. Brother to this vpright man, fleſh and bloud, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my ſtile, my title, my profeſſion.

Mol. Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

Omnes Doxy *Mol*, what's that?

Mol. His wench.

Trap. My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchin mort in her flat at her backe, beſides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'le tumble this next darkmans in the ſtrommel, and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat gruntling cheate, a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

Iack.Dap. Here's old cheating.

Trap. My doxy ſtayes for me in a bouſing ken, braue Captaine.

Mol. Hee ſayes his wench ſtaies for him in an alehouſe: you are no pure rogues.

T.Cat. Pure rogues? no, wee ſcorne to be pure rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our ſtalling ken, you ſhall finde neither him nor mee, a quire cuffin.

Mol. So ſir, no churle of you.

T.Cat. No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry cuffin.

L.Nol. Call you this canting?

Iack.Dap. Zounds, I'le giue a ſchoolemaiſter halfe a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

Trap. Do but ſtrowle ſir, halfe a harueſt with vs ſir, and you ſhall gabble your belly-full.

Mol. Come you rogue cant with me.

T.Lang. Well ſayd *Mol*, cant with her ſirra, and you ſhall haue mony, elſe not a penny.

Trap. I'le haue a bout if ſhe pleaſe.

Mol. Come on ſirra.

Trap. Ben mort, ſhall you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'l couch a hogſhead vnder the Ruffe-

mans

mans, and there you ſhall wap with me,& Ile niggle with you.

Mol. Out you damn'd impudent raſcall.

Trap. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your ſtampes.

L.Nol. Nay,nay,*Mol*, why art thou angry? what was his gibberiſh?

Mol. Marry this my Lord ſayes hee; Ben mort (good wench) ſhal you and I heaue a booth,mill a ken,or nip a bung? ſhall you and I rob a houſe,or cut a purſe?

Omnes Very Good. (mans:

Mol. And then wee'l couch a hogſhead vnder the Ruffe-And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

Trap. That was my deſire Captaine, as 'tis fit a ſouldier ſhould lie.

Mol. And there you ſhall wap with mee, and I'le niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir Bewt. Nay, nay *Mol* what's that wap?

Iack.Dap. Nay teach mee what niggling is, I'de faine bee niggling.

Mol. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling: if it pleaſe you.

Sir Bewt. This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*.

Mol. Come you rogue ſing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-bouſe
In a bouſing ken of Rom-vile.
T.Cat. Is Benar then a Caſter,
Pecke,pennam,lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuſe a vile.
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans. *The ſong.*
Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,
By the ſollamon vnder the Ruffemans.
By the ſollamon in the Hartmans.
T.Cat. And ſcoure the Quire cramp ring,
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my bouſy nab might skew rome bouſe well

Auaſt

Auaſt to the pad, let vs bing,
Auaſt to the pad, let vs bing.

Omnes Fine knaues i'faith.

Iack.Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheeles, and the gruntling of fiue hundred hogs cõming from Rumford market, cannot make a worſe noyſe then this canting language does in my eares; pray my Lord *Noland*, let's giue theſe ſouldiers their pay.

Sir Bewt. Agreed, and let them march.

L.Nol. Heere *Mol.*

Mol. Now I ſee that you are ſtal'd to the rogue, and are not aſhamed of your profeſſions, looke you: my Lord *Noland* heere and theſe Gentlemen, beſtowes vpon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two ſhillings ſixe pence.

Trap. Thankes to your Lordſhip.

T.Cat. Thankes heroicall Captaine.

Mol. Away.

Trap. Wee ſhall cut ben whiddes of your Maiſters and Miſtreſhip, whereſoeuer we come.

Moll. You'l maintaine ſirra the old Iuſtices plot to his face.

Trap. Elſe trine me on the cheats: hang me.

Mol. Be ſure you meete mee there.

Trap. Without any more maundring I'le doo't, follow braue *Tear-Cat.* *Exeunt they two*

T.Cat. I *præ, ſequor*, let vs go mouſe. *manet the reſt.*

L.Nol. Mol what was in that canting ſong? (onely milke

Mol. Troth my Lord, onely a praiſe of good drinke, the Which theſe wilde beaſts loue to ſucke, and thus it was:
A rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,
More wholeſome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,
To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'de ſit vp late,
By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowſy hedge die,
Let a ſlaue haue a pull at my whore, ſo I be full
Of that precious liquor; And a parcell of ſuch ſtuffe my Lord
Not worth the opening.

Enter a Cutpurſe very gallant, with foure or fiue men after him, one with a wand.

L.Nol. What gallant comes yonder?

T.Long. Maſſe I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

1 *Cut.* Shall we venture to ſhuffle in amongſt yon heap of Gallants, and ſtrike?

2 *Cut.* 'Tis a queſtion whether there bee any ſiluer ſhels amongſt them, for all their ſattin outſides.

Omnes Let's try?

Mol. Pox on him, a gallant? ſhaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if hee ſwimme neere to the ſhore of any of your pockets, looke to your purſes.

Omnes Is't poſſible?

Mol. This braue fellow is no bettet then a foyſt.

Omnes. Foyſt, what's that?

Mol. A diuer with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine ſtudy the figging law, that's to ſay, cutting of purſes and foyſting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i'the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or ſnap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and ſnappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a ſtale, whoſe office is, to face a man i'the ſtreetes, whil'ſt ſhels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimbleneſſe of his eye and iugling ſticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldſmithes ſtall, make foure or fiue ringes mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand preſently.

2. *Cut.* Zounds wee are ſmoakt. *Omnes.* Ha?

2. *Cut.* Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; ſee *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

1. *Cut.* All the diſeaſes of ſixteene hoſpitals boyle her away.

Mol. Bleſſe you ſir.

1. *Cut.* And you good ſir.

Mol. Do'ſt not ken mee man?

1. *Cut.* No rruſt mee ſir.

Moll.

Mol. Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'me bound for many fauours, loſt his purſe at the laſt new play i'the Swanne, ſeuen Angels in't, make it good you'r beſt; do you ſee? no more.

T. Cut. A Sinagogue ſhall be cal'd Miſtreſſe *Mary*, diſgrace mee not; *pacus palabros*, I will coniure for you, farewell:

Mol. Did not I tell you my Lord?

L. Nol. I wonder how thou cam'ſt to the knowledge of theſe naſty villaines.

T. Long. And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee *Mol* cutpurſſe? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

Mol. Dare any ſtep forth to my face and ſay,
I haue tane thee doing ſo *Mol*? I muſt confeſſe,
In younger dayes, when I was apt to ſtray,
I haue ſat amongſt ſuch adders; ſeene their ſtings,
As any here might, and in full play-houſes
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to ſhame
Such rogues, and in that ſtreame met an ill name:
When next my Lord you ſpie any one of thoſe,
So hee bee in his Art a ſcholler, queſtion him,
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke
Of his cloſe villanies: and you your ſelfe ſhall cant
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes
Of chearers, lifters, nips, foyſts, puggards, curbers,
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit
Should be diſcouered to a noble wit.
I know they haue their orders, offices,
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,
To raiſe their owne damnation in.

Iack. Dap. How do'ſt thou know it?

Moll. As you do, I ſhew it you, they to me ſhow it.
Suppoſe my Lord you were in *Venice*.

L. Nol. Well.

Mol. If ſome Italian pander there would tell
All the cloſe trickes of curtizans; would not you
Hearken to ſuch a fellow?

L. Nol. Yes.

Mol. And here,

Being come from *Venice*, to a friend moſt deare
That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime
Your knowledge in thoſe villanies, to ſaue
Your friend from their quicke danger: muſt you haue
A blacke ill name, becauſe ill things you know,
Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* cutpurſe ſo.
How many are whores, in ſmall ruffes and ſtill lookes?
How many chaſt, whoſe names fill ſlanders bookes?
Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their ſcornes
Cal ſo, we ſhould not walke for goring hornes,
Perhaps for my madde going ſome reproue mee,
I pleaſe my ſelfe, and care not elſe who loues mee.

Omnes. A braue minde *Mol* i'faith.

T. Long. Come my Lord, ſhal's to the Ordinary?

L. Nol. I, 'tis noone ſure. (or to the world:

Mol. Good my Lord, let not my name condemne me to you
A fencer I hope may be cal'd a coward, is he ſo for that?
If all that haue ill names in London, were to be whipt, (ther
And to pay but twelue pence a peece to the beadle, I would ra-
Haue his office, then a Conſtables.

Iack. Dap. So would I Captaine *Moll:* 'twere a ſweete tickling office i'faith. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goſhawke *and* Greenewit, *and others.*

Alex. My ſonne marry a theefe, that impudent girle,
Whom all the world ſticke their worſt eyes vpon?

Greene. How will your care preuent it?

Gos. 'Tis impoſſible.
They marry cloſe, their gone, but none knowes whether.

Alex. Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-ſtrings
Enter a ſeruant.
Held out ſo long from breaking: now what newes ſir?

Seruant. They were met vppo'th water an houre ſince, ſir,
Putting in towards the Sluce.

Alex. The Sluce? come Gentlemen,

'Tis

'Tis *Lambith* workes againſt vs.

Greene. And that *Lambith*, ioynes more mad matches, then your ſixe wet townes, twixt that and *Windſor-bridge*, where fares lye ſoaking.

Alex. Delay no time ſweete Gentlemen: to Blacke Fryars, Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Your ſonne, and that bold maſculine rampe My miſtreſſe, are landed now at Tower.

Alex. Hoyda, at Tower?

Trap. I heard it now reported.

Alex. Which way Gentlemen ſhall I beſtow my care? I'me drawne in peeces betwixt deceipt and ſhame.

Enter ſir Fitz-Allard.

Fitz-Alla. Sir *Alexander*. You'r well met, and moſt rightly ſerued, My daughter was a ſcorne to you.

Alex. Say not ſo ſir.

Fitz-All. A very abiect, ſhee poore Gentlewoman, Your houſe had bene diſhonoured. Giue you ioy ſir, Of your ſons Gaſkoyne-Bride, you'l be a Grandfather ſhortly To a fine crew of roaring ſonnes and daughters, 'Twill helpe to ſtocke the ſuburbes paſſing well ſir.

Alex. O play not with the miſeries of my heart, Wounds ſhould be dreſt and heal'd, not vext, or left Wide open, to the anguiſh of the patient, And ſcornefull aire let in: rather let pitty And aduiſe charitably helpe to refreſh 'em.

Fitz-All. Who'd place his charity ſo vnworthily. Like one that giues almes to a curſing beggar, Had I but found one ſparke of goodneſſe in you Toward my deſeruing child, which then grew fond Of your ſonnes vertues, I had eaſed you now. But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodneſſe, Are rak'd vp in the aſhes of your age, Elſe no ſuch ſhame ſhould haue come neere your houſe, Nor ſuch ignoble ſorrowe touch your heart,

Alex. If not for worth, for pitties ſake aſſiſt mee.
Greene. You vrge a thing paſt ſenſe, how can he helpe you?
All his aſſiſtance is as fraile as ours,
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em?
One brings vs water-newes; then comes an other
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,
And he reports the Tower; whoſe ſounds are trueſt?
Goſh. In vaine you flatter him ſir *Alexander.*
Fitz-All. I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee groſſly.
Greene, Hee doe's it well i'faith.
Fitz-All. Both newes are falſe,
Of Tower or water: they tooke no ſuch way yet. (plundges?
Alex. Oh ſtrange: heare you this Gentlemen, yet more
Fitz-Alla. Th'are neerer then you thinke for yet more cloſe,
then if they were further off.
Alex. How am I loſt in theſe diſtractions?
Fitz-Alla. For your ſpeeches Gentlemen,
In taxing me for raſhneſſe; fore you all,
I will engage my ſtate to halfe his wealth,
Nay to his ſonnes reuenewes, which are leſſe,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him;
That I could (if my will ſtucke to my power)
Preuent this mariage yet, nay baniſh her
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.
Alex. Slacke not this goodneſſe, though you heap vpon me
Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter:
I'de willingly reſigne vp halfe my ſtate to him,
So he would marry the meaneſt drudge I hire.
Greene. Hee talkes impoſſibilites, and you beleeue 'em.
Fitz-Alla. I talke no more, then I know how to finiſh,
My fortunes elſe are his that dares ſtake with me,
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pitty:
And to keepe ſhame from him, (becauſe the ſpring
Of his affection was my daughters firſt,
Till his frowne blaſted all,) do but eſtate him
In thoſe poſſeſſions, which your loue and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,

To

To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his deſperate wants caſts him vpon her:
And if I do not for his owne ſake chiefly,
Rid him of this diſeaſe, that now growes on him,
I'le forfeit my whole ſtate, before theſe Gentlemen.
Greene. Troth but you ſhall not vndertake ſuch matches,
Wee'l perſwade ſo much with you.
Alex. Heere's my ring,
He will beleeue this token: fore theſe Gentlemen,
I will confirme it fully: all thoſe lands,
My firſt loue lotted him, he ſhall ſtraight poſſeſſe
In that refuſall.
Fitz-All. If I change it not, change mee into a beggar.
Green. Are you mad ſir?
Fitz-All. 'Tis done.
Goſh. Will you vndoe your ſelfe by doing,
And ſhewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies?
Alex. 'Tis a match Gentlemen.
Fitz-All. I, I, ſir I.
I akse no fauour; truſt to you for none,
My hope reſts in the goodneſſe of your ſon. *Exit Fitz-Allard.*
Greene. Hee holds it vp well yet.
Goſh. Of an old knight i'faith.
Alex. Curſt be the time, I laid his firſt loue barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this houre
Had ſprung forth friutes, of comfort and of honour;
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman. *Enter Moll.*
Goſh. Life, heere's *Mol.*
Green. Iack.
Goſh. How doſt thou *Iacke?*
Mol. How doſt thou Gallant?
Alex. Impudence, where's my ſonne?
Moll. Weakenſſe, go looke him.
Alex. Is this your wedding gowne?
Mol. The man talkes monthly:
Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,
I ſee hee'l be ſtarke mad at our next meeting. *Exit Moll.*
Goſh. Why ſir, take comfort now, there's no ſuch matter,

No

No Prieſt will marry her, ſir, for a woman,
Whiles that ſhape's on, and it was neuer knowne,
Two men were married and conioyn'd in one:
Your ſonne hath made ſome ſhift to loue another.

Alex. What ere' ſhe be, ſhe has my bleſſing with her,
May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue
Like comfort to their iſſue, as I take in them,
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuſe amiſſe.

Green. Glad y'are ſo penitent, for your former ſinne ſir.

Goſh. Say he ſhould take a wench with her ſmocke-dowry,
No portion with her, but her lips and armes?

Alex. Why? who thriue better ſir? they haue moſt bleſſing,
Though other haue more wealth, and leaſt repent,
Many that want moſt, know the moſt content.

Greene. Say he ſhould marry a kind youthfull ſinner.

Alex. Age will quench that, any offence but theft and drun-
Nothing but death can wipe away. (kenneſſe,
There ſinnes are greene, euen when there heads are gray,
Nay I diſpaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentlemen,
No face can come vnfortunately to me,
Now ſir, your newes? *Enter a ſeruant.*

Seruant. Your ſonne with his faire Bride is neere at hand,

Alex. Faire may their fortunes be.

Green. Now you'r reſolu'd ſir, it was neuer ſhe,

Alex. I finde it in the muſicke of my heart,

Enter Mol *maskt, in* Sebaſtians *hand, and* Fitz-Allard.

See where they come.

Goſh. A proper luſty preſence ſir.

Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies counſeld him
To chooſe a goodly perſonable creature,
Iuſt of her pitch was my firſt wife his mother.

Seb. Before I dare diſcouer my offence, I kneele for pardon.

Alex; My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue could aske it,
Riſe, thou haſt rais'd my ioy to greater height.

Then

Then to that ſeat where griefe dejected it,
Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,
Hide not my happineſſe too long, al's pardoned,
Here are our friends, ſalute her, Gentlemen. *They vnmaske her.*

Omnes. Heart, who this *Mol*?

Alex. O my reuiuing ſhame, is't I muſt liue,
To be ſtrucke blind, be it the worke of ſorrow,
Before age take't in hand.

Fitz-All. Darkeneſſe and death.
Haue you deceau'd mee thus? did I engage
My whole eſtate for this.

Alex. You askt no fauour,
And you ſhall finde as little, ſince my comforts,
Play falſe with me, I'le be as cruell to thee
As griefe to fathers hearts.

Mol. Why what's the matter with you?
Leſſe too much ioy, ſhould make your age forgetfull,
Are you too well, too happy?

Alex. With a vengeance.

Mol. Me thinkes you ſhould be proud of ſuch a daughter,
As good a man, as your ſonne.

Alex. O monſtrous impudence.

Mol. You had no note before, an vnmarkt Knight,
Now all the towne will take regard on you,
And all your enemies feare you for my ſake,
You may paſſe where you liſt, through crowdes moſt thicke,
And come of bravely with your purſſe vnpickt,
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or knife,
While y'aue a roaring girle to your ſonnes wife.

Alex. A diuell rampant.

Fitz-Alla. Haue you ſo much charity?
Yet to releaſe mee of my laſt raſh bargaine,
And I'le giue in your pledge.

Alex. No ſir, I ſtand to't, I'le worke vpon aduantage,
As all miſchiefes do vpon mee.

Fitz-All. Content, beare witneſſe all then

His are the lands, and ſo contention ends.
Here comes your ſonnes Bride, twixt two noble friends.

Enter the Lord Noland, *and Sir* Bewtious Ganymed, *with* Mary Fitz-Allard *betweene them, the Cittizens and their wiues with them.*

Mol. Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke me for't,
I'de a fore-finger in't.
Seb. Forgiue mee father,
Though there before your eyes my ſorrow fain'd,
This ſtill was ſhee, for whom true loue complain'd.
Alex. Bleſſings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,
Beginne your peace heere, to be ſign'd in heauen,
How ſhort my ſleepe of ſorrow ſeemes now to me,
To this eternity of boundleſſe comforts,
That finds no want but vtterance, and expreſſion.
My Lord your-office heere appeares ſo honourably:
So full of ancient goodneſſe, grace, and worthineſſe,
I neuer tooke more ioy in ſight of man,
Then in your comfortable preſence now.
L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to vertue,
Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your ſonnes Bride,
Noble *Fitz-Allards* daughter, to whoſe honour
And modeſt fame, I am a ſeruant vow'd,
So is this Knight.
Alex. Your loues make my ioyes proud,
Bring foorth thoſe deeds of land, my care layd ready,
And which, old knight, thy nobleneſſe may challenge,
Ioyn'd with thy daughters vertues, whom I priſe now,
As deerely as that fleſh, I call myne owne.
Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindneſſe
When I reiected thee, I ſaw thee not,
Sorrow and wilfull raſhneſſe grew like filmes
Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now ſo cleere
I ſee the brightneſſe of thy worth appeare.
Mary. Duty and loue may I deſerue in thoſe,

And

And all my wiſhes haue a perfect cloſe,
Alex. That tongue can neuer erre, the ſound's ſo ſweete,
Here honeſt ſonne, receiue into thy hands,
The keyes of wealth, poſſeſſion of thoſe lands,
Which my firſt care prouided, thei'r thine owne,
Heauen giue thee a bleſſing with 'em, the beſt ioyes,
That can in worldly ſhapes to man betide,
Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,
Of which I hope thou'rt ſped.
Sebaſ. I hope ſo too ſir.
Mol. Father and ſonne, I ha'done you ſimple ſeruice here,
Sebaſ. For which thou ſhalt not part *Moll* vnrequited.
Alex. Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot now condemne thee.
Mol. Condemne mee? troth and you ſhould ſir,
I'de make you ſeeke out one to hang in my roome,
I'de giue you the ſlip at Gallowes, and cozen the people.
Heard you this ieſt my Lord?
L. Noll. What is it *Iacke*?
Mol. He was in feare his ſonne would marry mee,
But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.
L. Noll. Why? thou had'ſt a ſuiter once *Iacke*, when wilt marry?
Mol. Who I my Lord, I'le tell you when ifaith,
When you ſhall heare,
Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,
Honeſty and truth vnſlandred,
Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,
Cheates booted, but not coacht,
Veſſels older e're they'r broacht.
If my minde be then not varied,
Next day following, I'le be married.

L. Noll. This ſounds like domeſ-day,
Moll. Then were marriage beſt,
For if I ſhould repent, I were ſoone at reſt.
Alex. Introth tho'art a good wench, I'me ſorry now,
The opinion was ſo hard, I conceiu'd of thee.

Some wrongs I'ue done thee. *Enter Trapdore.*

Trap. Is the winde there now?
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confeſſe firſt,
For feare it come too late, and my braines feele it,
Vpon my pawes, I aske you pardon miſtreſſe.

Mol. Pardon? for what ſir? what ha's your rogueſhip done now?

Trap. I haue bene from time to time hir'd to confound you, by this old Gentleman.

Mol. How?

Trap. Pray forgiue him,
But may I connſell you, you ſhould neuer doo't.
Many a ſnare to entrapp your Worſhips life,
Haue I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Iewels,
And when hee ſaw nothing could mount you vp,
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to ſaue you.

Alex. To all which ſhame and griefe in me cry guilty,
Forgiue mee now, I caſt the worlds eyes from mee,
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne:
I ſee the moſt of many wrongs before hee,
Caſt from the iawes of enuy and her people,
And nothing foule but that, Il'e neuer more
Condemne by common voyce, for that' sthe whore,
That deceiues mans opinion; mockes his truſt,
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniuſt.

Mol. Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were giuen me
As a Muſitian, I purſue no pitty,
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, ſpare not
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

Alex. So farre I'me ſorry, I'le thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,
Sir *Beuteous Ganymed*, and Noble *Fitz-Allard*,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whoſe ſparkling preſence,
Are glories ſet in mariage, beames of ſociety,
For all your loues giue luſter to my ioyes,

The

The happineſſe of this day ſhall be remembred,
At the returne of euery ſmiling ſpring:
In my time now'tis borne, and may no ſadneſſe
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,
But as I am, ſo all goe pleas'd away.

Epilogus,

A Painter hauing drawne with curious Art
The picture of a woman (euery part,
Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to ſell:
People (who paſs'd along) veiwing it well,
Gaue ſeuerall verdicts on it. ſome diſpraiſed
The haire, ſome ſayd the browes too high were raiſed,
Some hit her o're the lippes, miſlik'd their colour,
Some wiſht her noſe were ſhorter; ſome, the eyes fuller,
Others ſayd roſes on her cheekes ſhould grow,
Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,
The workeman ſtill as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to pleaſe all; (but this worke being ended)
And hung open at ſtall, it was ſo vile,
So monſtrous and ſo vgly all men did ſmile
At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt
Is this our Comedy, Some perhaps do floute
The plot, ſaying; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too meane,
Some for the perſon will reuile the Scœne.
And wonder, that a creature of her being
Should bee the ſubiect of a Poet, ſeeing
In the worlds eie, none weighes ſo light: others looke

For all thoſe baſe trickes publiſh'd in a booke,
(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) of Cut-purſe,
Of Nips and Foyſts, naſtie, obſcœne diſcourſes,
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,
For any honeſt eare, or eye vnfit. And thus,
If we to euery braine (that's humerous)
Should faſhion Sceanes, we (with the Painter) ſhall
In ſtriuing to pleaſe all, pleaſe none at all.
Yet for ſuch faults, as either the writers wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both craue your pardons: if what both haue done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The *Roring Girle* her ſelfe ſome few dayes hence,
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence. (you,
Which Mirth that you may ſhare in, her ſelfe does woe
And craues this ſigne, your hands to becken her to you.

FINIS.